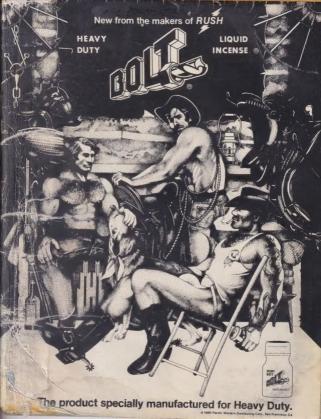




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"If a man does not keep pece with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far every."

Henry David Thoreau



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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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## MALECALL

## HAND JIVE

I want to say I'm an avid reader of your publication and I think it's great. You guys sure have a way of making me perform my "hand exercises." should see my hands, the right one is larger and more developed than the left one. Keep up the good work,

M. Pokorsky Manitowoc, WI

## STAYING OUT

Your magazine is great. It is the one thing that has kept me from going back time i get frustrated with not meeting guys into the same things I'm into, alone comes your magazine to inspire me. West Texas is pretty conservative, and DRUM-MER stands out like a light on a hilltop at night. Keep up the good work, and keep my subscription coming. B. McArthur

## DADDIES

I would like to complement you on the quality of your magazine. It presents itself, via the covers, as a hot, erotic book for gay males into S&M and heavily-masculine scenes; it backs-up its covers with a consistently good, masculine contents of articles, stories, photos, and advertisements. I have corresponded with and eventually met, some very interesting

The good (but too short) photo-article "In Search of Older Men: Drummer's Daddies" in issue 42 was especially interesting to me, Although I am 26, I "Daddies" (Tops over 40 white side-burns, salt & pepper gray, etc. - who have kept themselves in good shape) to be very strong turn-ons; their knowledge, experience, and practice make for hot scenes that are satisfying to both Top and bottom.

I enjoy being the m-son of S-Daddies who "play" rough games (eg. whipping, water-sports, fucking, fisting, etc.) with their sons (Daddy Bob, shown in the

Atlanta, GA

## A BAR BY ANY OTHER NAME

So many names for the DRUMMER are just a few, that I decided to send them to you direct though I've dropped into the bar. Take for granted that THE precedes each name where suitable, Also, take for granted that spellings can be varied, etc. Here goes - Belt & Buckle, Pumping Station, Balls & Chains, Chute, Topps, Fit-To-Be-Tied, Top Half, Power Station, Harley's, Ruff Stuff, Back Alley. Hide-Bound, Harness Room, Harde Room, Hide-Bound, Harness Room, Harde Room, Brulse Inn, Mr. Benson's, Sirs, Big Sir, The Pen, OUCHI, Master's Voice, The Pouch, Toy Drum, Son of Drum, Lea-ther Up!, The Hoggery, Coxcomb, Action Line, Hi-Voltage, Training Room, Speek of Light, Saddle Up, Stirrup, Spit 'N' Polish, The Salute, Top Hole, Sleazy's, The Branding Iron, Power!, Tuff's Back Door.

With all of these, you could start a worldwide chain! Maybe by the dawn's sober light, many would sound even sillier than they look now, but you rarely can tell for sure what will click

Maybe I'll send you more, God help

Los Angeles, CA

(Editor's note: God help us, indeed! All of this in response to a simple little contest to name the open-to-the-public section of the DRUMMER Club at 11th and Folsom! Too bad, B.V. - someelse named it for us. DRUMMASTER is now the official name of the public bar sponsored by DRUMMER Magazine, and you - as well as the rest of the leather world - are invited to drop, prop your boot up on a rell (or a slove, for that motter), and share a brew with the hottest leather studs in the country! See

### NOT TOUGH ENOUGH?

I noticed that John Preston had something between his teeth while getting tattooed (Even Mr. Benson Gets the Blues, Tough Shit DRUMMER 42). Unless it was Jamie's jockstrap, I have to wonder just how tough Mr. Benson really is. And I have a complaint. Showing John Preston laying down doesn't give away who he is, does it? How am I Palo, Alto, CA

## NO HAIR NOWHERE

in response to "Hair Today, Hair Tomorrow" (DRUMMER 42, Malocall), it is possible that he has gotten mixed-up in reference to the Master/slave relationship and what is known as the "straightgay" relationship.

While it is certainly true that the "hot fuckin' friction of the strong, hard, hairy chests grinding together!" is a real the slave is now, to an ever increasing percent, kept completely denuded of its

remind the slave that it is inferior to a

You will please also notice the multitude of shaving scenes which are recently found in S/M magazines (such as our own DRUMMER). You can't but admit that more and more Masters have "scene the

light" as far as causing their slaves to be (psychologically) castrated by shaving off their man-hair.

You have gone so far as to freely admit that a "strongly shaped bald

(shaved) head can be hotter 'n hell!" Why then, can't you find it possible to admit that a guy with a good build won't look (and feel) more to be a sexual turn-on than a guy whose build is hidden by all

Incidentally, medical men who specialize in male sexuality have ascertained that a male with a minimum of body-hair is much more virile than one with that great growth of "fur" that you like so much! So out that in your fur-lined pipe

Master-Shaver Ross

## LATRINE POSITION

John Preston's coverage of Hellfire (DRUMMER 41) convinced me that I've been misspending my time these past Labor Day weekends. Why put up storm windows when I could be digging latrines? I've already contacted an Associate Hellfire member, and my boss, to help secure a spot in next year's chain gang.

Mt. Clemens, MI

## MAILMAN BLUES

I subscribe to DRUMMER and wait anxiously every month for delibery. Two months ago, the mail man finct the regular one) ring the door bell to hand me size one) ring the door bell to hand me like a fantasy right from DRUMMER'S pages. We had a brief exchange of smiles and he säked me for a glass of water. I demand the size of the

He's been back twice, but I was at work both times. I can sell it was him, both times the mail was leaned against my door instead of having been put in the mailbox.

And, I am missing issue 39 of DRUM-MER.

I am planning to be at home for a few weeks in March, and see if he delivers

that month's issue.

Name and Address Withheld by request

## PIERCED MEN

I am amazed at the number of so called hot/macho men that cringe at the thought and even more so, the sight of a pierced tit or cock. When I first squeezed my man's tit and felt that ring, I nearly ripped his shirt off. I was even more turned on when I saw his Prince Albert piercing. Ever since I felt and sucked on his tit and cock, I've wanted the same done to myself. My dream (half of it, that is) came true earlier this month when a package arrived from Gauntlet Enterprises in time for my birthday. My gold bead ring had come and it now has a special place of honor in my left tit. It's healing nicely and I had my first experience of having it worked on a couple of days ago. It's still a little tender but the pleasure far surpasses the discomfort (which was very slight) that I felt from having it done.

having it done.

After seeing the photos in DRUM-MER 42, I want my right tit pierced and possibly a Prince Albert. We are planning a trip to California this summer and a visit to Gauntlet Enterprises will defin-

itely be on our agenda.

Thanks, Drummer for the article, "The Fine Art of Piercing" and the great

Buzz R. Kansas City, MO

## QUESTIONMAN

nhotosi

First off, I really like DRUMMER and usually read everything in it as soon as it comes out and then I go back and reread some articles and storest later (maybe a month or a year). I have some questions. In DRUMMER No. 41 there was an article called Members Only, Part One. Where is Part Two? Is there a Part Three?

where is rart two? is there a rart. Innee:
In the same issue there is an article
on Stockholm. Since you guys have
published long articles on San Francisco,
Los Angeles and Chicago — any chance of
doing the same for, say, Berlin, London
or Amsterday?

One last thing - the film reviews in DRUMMER always seem to be either German films or foreign films. Any special reason, or is that just Mr. Rowberry's taste?

> Claude Atkins New Orleans, LA

(Editor's Note: The second installment of Members Colly oppeared in DRIMMER No. 43: Future Installment's will appear as they are compiled. As to our article on Stockholm, yes, we are planning to present information about those European Clairs where there is enough feather and where there is enough feather and Munick, Amsterdam and London are in the works. Fisally, you can read mainstream film reviews anywhere.



for those items you won't find in the regular yellow pages!

Example: if you're looking for hot all-main action material (photos, films, video tapes, etc.), get this directory. Lists dozens of hard to find sources. Tells how much the photographer or other source charges.

Also lists places that will develor, and print or copy those "special" films or photos. Tells where 10 find erocic toys, devices; where to buy, nude photos of movie-v stars, erotic male art and soutpure, plus MUCH MORE, including correspondence services, clubs, special publications of all types.

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## THE QUARTERS



## an excerpt from the novel by Robert Dunn

....

As I opened the outer door to the cellblock I could hear the rustle of the chains and knew that the boys were assuming their positions inside the cells as ordered. After checking that all the configurate was in proper order in the booking-in area and that security was tight, I proceeded

There, in proper order, were the three boys in slave training. Each stood with his hands behind his back above his ass with his legs spread and his head bowed facing the back wall of the cell, My cock stirred at the slight of those rounded buttocks that had been so well handled in

the Session last night. Now it was time for feeding and exercise. But what the hell

I pulled my favorite trainee out of the cell and ordered him into First Position. Kneeling in fromt of me with his hands still behind his back as required, he looked up at my crotch. "Boots." The single-word order brought his mouth to my boot quickly. He knew full well the punishment for slowness. Before he was on the second boot, my balls were hanging low out of my pants for his willing mouth when he had earned them.

Both boots glistening from his saliva, he waited with bowed head for whatever was next. Both book by bull nest, know immediately the warm moistness of his well-trained tongue. We had spent considerable time last night on that one drill alone. Even though my dick was already settled had, he he that the bull on take it to out of my mants unless I felt he did a worthwhile look.

on my nuts. He did.

When I pulied his head back to face my rod head-on, the "Please, Sir," came from his lips
with just the proper desire. We were not playing some dumb game. He worked hard for the load,
sting several new tricks he had been taught sinch e arrived. The two slaves remaining inside the
cell sidently urged him on, knowing that their breakfast would get cold quickly on the metal legislost trays. They held their Third Position, nor moving a hair, so as the be sure that cold or not

As my notes started their upward swing in the sack and the sweaty odor of my crotch filled the training area, we all knew the cock was getting ready to unload. After the spasms of cum, the boy waited for the piss to follow.

After the brief early morning exercises, the real chow was served up and the slave trainees were recelled.

Editor's Note: The Quarter, San Francisco's renowned and yet highly secretive training estable lightness, has provided director Robert Dunn with more than ample material to gut together HE QUARTERS: A Novel. These excerpts, called from the work as it progresses, represent the many cost-histories to be included in the work.



Now he can't make the trip to me this weekend that we had planned. Now a new collar, made especially to match the custom studs on my hat bands, lies unused with a lock that has never been fastened. A weekend, long thought-out and planned for, is now empty. A ready willingness to teach and learn, honestly and openly, is left with hesitation

Having handled many men and been pleased with more than a few, it is difficult to stem disappointment. Knowing there is tremendous potential keeps me interested. I admit Seeming loyalty, continued interest limited to phone conseriousness. A picture which only shows me a body that is

A desire to serve has met an honest desire to be served. A Trainer of many slaves had met a possible trainee that might from the training cellblock, has remained empty for too long. The chain at the foot of my bed has remained unattached for a white. The new collar was supposed to begin changing that, It has not yet. It lies, in the sack it came from the Leathermaker in, inside my private file drawer along with the reports submitted. It is not as though there are not others who serve me, It is not as though I have lost something - indeed, I never have really enjoyed having it yet, is it to become just another thrill trick? We both want more it seems as though the only thing harder to find than a truly good slave boy is an honest and thorough Master. I have been and am a Master of many men. Yet there was/is that possibility of adding the one private, intimate body slave that makes Life

It will take "about a month" to settle his business before he can come to me permanently, I will wait, knowing that one month is not all that long to wait for valuable property, I will expect to hear from him the reports he thinks will please open with me and to trust me to take care of his self as he expect promises to be made only to be broken. I do not intend to break my promises or to fail him by being less than a total and caring Master. I do not expect to be treated as a partwhat I want, need, and think will make both of our lives

There can be no Master without a slave. Yet I will not tolerate the attempt of any slave to practice his ability to as unsatisfactory as it is. In the midst of the interchange of relationships we sometimes forget what the alternatives are, my boots on until he can come to them with his tongue first

He will bring me a life that is ready to learn its fullest potential, unlimited by any inside or outside realities. I am permitting him time to put it in order. I expect him to know

The required daily exercises are herewith doubled. He will spend no night in his own bedroom that is not on the The demands are extremely minimal under the circumstances, I do not expect to treat this matter lightly. There is a fairness to be honored. And it will be honored more than it has been so far. Scheduled phone calls will be made exactly on time. All schedules will be kept. The private cell will remain vacant regardless of the qualifications of new applicants. That sacri-

If what I am is not enough, physically or mentally, for him then I expect to find out now. There are things that I am not which are sometimes necessary for the degree of dedication intention of trying to change what cannot be changed. Priorities should have already been determined. There is no indication that I am inflexible, and I am readily willing to determine what is fair between us. He will have to accept and to trust me and then submit to me totally.

## THREE

I was tired of reading the ads and more than a little full of a load I knew I'd get rid of, one way or the other, tonight. So I went out to see if there was a body I could take for my own to satisfy my needs. Being in a big town gave me a lot of choices, but I ignored the usual street for leather and went to a boogie place so I could see some bods in action

It was a nice surprise to see the guy I'd seen before in fuck mags. I guess they go out sometimes, too

So here was this body and I knew I was going to make him do it my way before the night was through. We'd see who had what! Just standing there I let him know that he was expected to show me something. It wasn't long before he took off his shirt and let the dance-sweat run down the ravine between his pecs. He could see the bulge in my pants growing, but not moving. He knew he would have to make it want to move. He did that flex kind of dancing that showed off his big arms, his well-developed pecs, and the ripples of his stomach. He really were for me more than for whoever he happened to be dancing

Then he high signed me to go to the john. I let him go first and wait, then I went in my own good time, but not before he

got tired of waiting. I break 'em in slow

He was standing at the urinal with his meat hanging out while a couple of kids looked and looked some more to see the whole thing. I went up behind the kids and looked at them long enough for them to get the hint and get the hell out. Then I grabbed him by the arm, twisting him around and forced him into the toilet stall. He fell forward against the wall, bracing himself with his one free hand. I caught a good handful of hair and pushed him down to his knees with his ass hiked up over the toilet seat.
"Yes, Sir," he said. "Please make me go home with you,

"Why?" was all I had to ask. "I'll do what you make me do until I can't do anything more, Sir," he half-moaned.

"Get up!" When he did, his meat was still out of his leans, but it was beginning to grow. I promptly whacked it with my finger to

make him lose the hard-on, "What makes you think you're worthy of anything I want to have done for me?" I pushed my thumb down his throat. He sucked it, good, like a boy should. Then he said,

worked hard to make my body worthwhile for you, Sir. He flexed his great arms to show the full muscle and

his pecs in their full expansion. I slapped his face, "Leave your hands back there where

they belong and stand up. Now turn around and hit the wall with your chest. I want to hear it smack the cement! Smacking the cement with his chest let me know that he did want to find out where I was going to lead him. He did it again and then he said, "Please make me go home with you.

"O.K. I'll be outside in the black truck on the corner,

You've got two minutes, and that's all." Then I forced him out of the toilet stall in front of the

assholes standing around the urinal pissing on themselves while they listened to two men. I took a piss myself and decided to give him a break on the

time because I sure as hell did not want to miss this action. He might even be worth all the bullshit of going and looking. He got to the truck about the same time I did and started to put his shirt on.

"Yes, Sir, Thank you, Sir,"

On the way home I made him keep silent and let him



know with rooks to event was up to him to make good.

When I pared and one truck and grammed his nipple his followed quick reep the pain down.

In the from ha princed rectal floor and be abeyed by kneeling prints a cook of my best and strapped his string wish in the cook of my best and strapped his string wish in the cook of the best floor used my ansker, the force what colors to bindfol my ansker, the force is the floor and the colors to bindfol my ansker, the force is the floor and the colors to bindfol my ansker, the floor and the colors to bindfol my ansker, the floor and the colors to bindfol my ansker, the floor and the colors to bindfol my and the colors to bindfol my ansker the colors to bindfol my and the colors to bindfo

Thank you Sit

Putting, by any collar with him only in a set and he bear. A for me, we have seen the test with a some his way. A for me, we had vised to nave now we have a managed to take some if had way to getting hor a managed to better to make him save the start for the different himself in the start to the start t

the basement. The times support poiss down timer made and it and already the most in a Politic Basement and a real basement and it is a Politic Basement and a real basement politic Basement and a real basem

Then I declared it fease one hand are or the ome peingor grapped his till nims lett hand and slapped his northogolard remember the old break themsears even in he and, "Thank you, Sir. By now the thank your had become authentic pleas and the fear had edged up his throat. I undid

He made the mistake of asking, "Do I please you Size" pleased member that I washe go not to asset it. I make voy, the sac. This is time let size my slence by grabbing his cock and but so or at least as might of it as could, more hand and sapping him in the face. Thank you, WHAT?

"Thank you, SiR." came the proper reply with the moan.

After securing his other hand to the other post, I stepped back ist to ook at this great muscled studiat my disposal

1 knew I wanted him haw, so I got the sawhorse out of the
corner and placed ton front of him. Then I feed him up

And his meat pegan to swell up and rise. He cringed expect 11 y arted 1 up his assholute struggled at that and I had the excuse I needed to stap him again

"Please, please, Sir Oh, please let me make you happy,
Sr Pill do n, nng in sou, s Please Sir?"

I didn't wont su pacation from the stud, I wanted him to

you If get 1 she 1 shifty punk. A man takes only what he's made to take Gut that?"

And I rammed the thumb in up to my hand meat He fought with a screwing hult as best he could on the rough

That single I though, but I kept my thoughts in silence,

eft a slaver's article behind for me to use as I wanted on someinto red. Get enly knows what was going through his head thout whit was going to happen now. I dropped the chains so he could hear them.

Then I grabbed his cock and ballsac using my fingers like sewn into it and I pulled it up with force and made him hold

All this, and not a word spoken. It mout of fear of dark-

suspect anything so he could only think the worst.

I pulsed the cook strap out of his moure and wrupped it around his thick neck pulling down on the when he so it.

"You, Sir he said without hesitation "WHO?

"YOU SIR" he said ouder, with time know ....

"Could I see for a minute Sir?" he asked "How do you ask?"

a moved the cuff on his left hand from the till in more

I picked up the belt long ago disca de 1 a line if the rope and gave him a swat on the hutt

"Proof, whall is a you wante" "Pleage, Sin Good Tiese you, Sin?" "Pleage, Sin Good Tiese you, Sin?" Inch. The his point made. I encod not I to mot. Then placed the horses ank to tolkween him and not. I have been done of perform with out marking to its list. The perform and he knews in the wanted to, now a list of the perform and he knews in the wanted to, now a list of the perform and he knews in the wanted to, now a list of the performance of the wanted to now a list of the performance of the wanted to now a list of the performance of the wanted to now a list of the wanted to have the performance of the wanted to have the performance of the wanted to have the wanted to

"Please Sir, oh please Sir"

managed to get out of my cothes

"Oh, thank you. Sir!
With a handlu it har I pulled his head in an intim

"Do you like that?"

hem again because I liked the sound. He squirmed, I said, "Have you ever been trained before?"



"Only a little, and never so well, Sir," he said with a taste

of hunger in his eyes

I knew then that I was going to do this muscleboy right. I forced him down on my cock again and he sucked it and tongued it till I was close. I whipped it out of his mouth and pumped it so it came all over his face, I knew he would be second time around, I've only got about seven inches of knowing, spearing meat, but I've got the biggest balls and they make the most juice most men have ever seen from one prick And I don't go down after the first time around if I'm turned on. This man of a slave for sure turned me on, and when he had finished rubbing the cum off onto my legs and then finished licking it all up, he was forced back down over one

hard rod. He almost gagged from surprise.

I slapped his ass with the belt and knew then where I was going next. He took a little longer to realize that he was going to get ficked by the meat he was being shoved onto now Only when I dangled the belt buckle down between the

cakes of his powerful ass did he begin to get uneasy and his

legs began to struggle against the r bonds When I shoved him forward so the weight of his body was held up by his hands on the floor and the sawhorse was shifted to his taut, muscle-hard belly did he know for sure that he was going to get butt-fucked. And he couldn't do anything about it. At least, I didn't think he could do any-

I grabbed the saddle soap off the shelf and crammed a handfu up his strugg ng ass I guest about three fingers went with it and when I checked his tool, it was bigger even than it

"Please, Sir, please don't fuck me, Sir," he pleaded. By now I had one cheek in each hand and was all but charging up the pumping, squirming, strugging asshole in front of me. The sawhorses were rocking and the man was was coming. At the same time his meat was oozing that slick

"Please, Sir, anything, but don't fuck me. Please, Sir." That did It. I jammed it in all at once, clear up to the nutsack. He screamed, I pulled it out because I for sure was going to do this right. I started again. Slow this time. I worked my aching cock up into that powerful, fighting hole. Every time he struggled with his bonds, I had to keep from coming. I pumped that ass and pumped that ass. Almost without knowhuge meat was fucking my hand as hard as my cock was ream-

I didn't just come, I exploded all my insides right up his he flexes those buttocks and I probably couldn't have pulled

out if I'd tried. I jerked out now so I could keep him under

Rolling turn over was no small task Just turned the back sawborse over and he followed suit. Those super arms were weight to he d him down No good He raised me and the gone slift I used my dick as a lever in his sucking mouth to

But he was sucking so good a grabbed the outside poles

Oh, shit, it was so g and forgot he was loose, a most.

When the board fired me back and then splintered up against the middle pole I knew we were going to do some

He had me in his hammy hands before I could get up and he moved me with a knowingness on y a rebelling slaver could have known. My mouth was full, even fuller of his dick again and came so full that I found out I only thought I knew

The broken boards dangling from his still-handcuffed back in the submissive possession I had forced him into not so long ago

I stared into his eyes and knew that seeing and knowing what was about to come didn't make it any less than the

painful forfest I knew he was going to take from me. loose for one second, he had me on my stomach among the broken remains of the sawhorse and he didn't even take the

crack in my ass. Then he showed me that his bigger meat stayed hard after the first fuck, too. Not that I saw it. But

He came, expending every energy in him until he was sighing and relaxed. I don't miss many chances. I had already

grabbed the keys before he saw me and in one roll I had him up against the peles again. The sawhorse to each kept him from being faster or gotting to his feet, I slapped his face saw my knee on his nutsack ready to drop my full weight I wrapped the cuff chains around the poles and cuffed each

hand twice He knew he had it coming, and I will say that he took it like a man, I undid his feet from the horse and that

find relief or at least freedom from his crucifixion pose. Once again his strong arm muscles bulged and flexed and his stomach must estroped a he strugged in his bonding inc first "Oh, please, Sir" brought a smack on the face that he know

His cockmeat still surged and throbbed, and I knew I wanted in take care of things in But this time, the fucker wouldn't see me. I went and found the snot rag and again darkened his world. Then I used the belt to strap his torso to the middle pole. Once again, I enjoyed the tenseness and fear

I enjoyed that and took his tits thorugh pain into agony, Then I put my lips to one and nursed it back to pleasure,

Then I put his cock between my lips and let him know he would cum again or else be severely sorry. He uttered only "Oh -" before he was slapped into silence again. From then we both knew he was cum close. Just as his load hit his piss channel, I took my mouth off and let the cum squirt into my hand. If he'd known he was come can every drop of his own cum, I don't think he'd have cum so much. Somehow I managed to hold all of it in one hand My hand on his head, forcing it back into the pole, gave

him some idea of what was coming - or should I say, cum-

I ad over gan an, b. then we

drop of the jism I let go

When I undid him, after leaving him bound while I went upstairs to make to fee he took the dog corar chain in one hand and I left it around his neck. He let me lead him up-

This time, I let a slaver take something home with him, the collar chain. He brought it back the next night and asked permission to bring ti back again after I finished with him He has my permission at least three times a week now



mind, Lord Penn wants me to begin a daily record of his stay he arrived last night. I considered running away I knew his

ent the had expected me to arrive late, but he found me read, there before him. He did not hit me, instead he terriced me, crushing me inside his introduble anger to make

eners of my deute to submit to whatever he demands have alimpsed the enoisting of terror! I have settle adjusted in the submit of the submit o

the chanks the more theatheaf than I am When I final and the feet in the second of the

need to six. When he threatened not sid me, leave, that let would not, that let would not, that le could treat home, which is would not, that le could treat him now, but injust in me, may connected the ready, of his kill is me, but leave were not fake then I was not quarter level or me, it him do it. When he threatened to have me with his coal

were not fals, then alther his bone was finally making made me and it withospecial his cereb that it such his with all the desperation of not wanting him to full me my tears were false but only in that it failing his had noting to the his had noting to the had not support to the had not support to the had not support to the name of the name

SOLUTION

## by Jason Klein

THE FINAL SOLIT



When , to d him that the pain of his belung, squeezing and pinching my bags was more incredible than any pain I had ever experienced, he thought I was ving, as firmy screams had meant nothing but I am incapable of dishonesty in front of bim. He thought me complaining, but would never think of complaining It was a natural communication. It was the truth it upsets me that the truth has disappointed him, that cannot imagine a pain more horrendous. Maybe crucifixion. bound in rope would help me endure it, but he will not to me, and every time the shaking ends, I find my bone has grown amazingly large,

"Wade, when don't you have a hone?"

## SECOND DAY

My mind has orgasmed so many times that I cannot spill I catch scream and tass to escape his belt, then find no harm has been done am embraced by a snickering gont and while with air exhaust on, exhausted by him when he was awkar was probably unhappy and afraid I wanted to cheer and

Lore Pean thinks at us as his stall tons While Lord Pern and [R Wiked business, I watched ]R's cat hard a the mouse in its teeth and instead of killing it, drop it, pal at its shocked body and finally flip it into running [ watched the chase weave incough [R's foom without anyone else of ng if Liven, as the mouse escaped under a desk, while furiously purring until its mind cleared and hummed

Everyone is either threatening to end their rout onship with me or fearing that part of me is going to die specific, the part that includes them. They are convinced a set them. when this is done because they think a ord from is surronger and I a foo. If any part of me dies it we are decade they killed it. They are all overreacting and it would inger my more except that I've hart them, and it harts. der want to last is growing, but I haven't the words to help from understand it flow do I convince them I love them when the joly proof

If I abort now, I'll always question whether a not have the courage to face my totality, the darker well as the brighter side of me, I'll have chosen the security of what I know and turned away from the opportunity ... Notice my own infatuation with what I do not know. I will have also risked losing those I love now for the visio symptome I may come to hate I am not so sure I am a to 1 100 Maybe I am destroying something stable for you now that will prove brutain fleeting I only know Lord Post in the and probably a once in a lifetime encounter with have experienced in SM up till now has fe t tike an a removed to the SM experiences of most of the eather . Yet an ocean compared to the SM experiences of most in cother terrifying landscape that only Lord Penn has mapped with a own right, and one I will be less like y to drawn in having better located it within the horizons of what I seem to se searching for

If they obstruct that search, if a shandon it is satisfy their needs how can they expect me to do t without resenting them afterward? It I am forced to it uses covern them and



Lord Penn, whatever choice I make undermines what I feel for them. They undermine it by hounding me with ultimatums and mockery, hoping I'll withdraw from my own needs for the sake of theirs.

What surprises me, though it shouldon's, is the rapidity with which they have used intaxity to trash my interaction, as if it will be a surprise of the state of the state of the state of the is internal rather than external. Even if I sould convey to them to a surprise of the state of the state of the state of the state of the internal state of the state of the state of the state of the internal state of the state of the state of the state of the fortifulde has so easily vanished. If they knew how we are with life and death without it being suitcide or self-delecting with the said death without it being suitcide or self-delecting with the said death without it being suitcide or self-delecting with the contribution of the state of the st

Lord Penn's kills is salled with the skins of little boys beatens, stretched and statched together so that the overall hide is translucent. It seems to fill with blood whenever he hoves over my, the Sun balarip behind his glowing red kills beat to be stretched the skins from a cannibal he befriended to me. He inherited the skins from a cannibal he befriended in New Uslines. He stathed them and stretched them himself, but his stallons lick them end to end every morning, moistenbut his stallons lick them end to end every morning, moistenbut his stallons lick them end to end every morning, moistenbut his stallons lick them end to end every morning, moistenbut his stallons lick them end to end every morning, moistented Penni likes by the time be to me saddle and ready to swing his day linto the heat of night. I long to joich him on his reactual provide, but I am not yet his best licker and must reactual provide, but I am not yet his best licker and must reactual provide by the I am not yet his best licker and must reactual provide and the strength of the strength of the He acts as if I can choose whether or not to stay with him.

## THIRD DAY

me, and even after he doesn't

Lord Penn has forewarded me that when he is gone I will have now designed, chapperous desires. I must not seek to satisfy them elsewhere. To do so would be suicidad, He has a way of disarming me, prating his wall not me must man disease my eyes to look into his Berng inside his eyes is very uncompetitive to the suicident of the

The final note during our hunch together was that I am still on trial. Originally 1 had accepted that he might not want me, that these two weeks are an exploration of our potential together, but their his behavior has weekend signaled that I getter, but their his behavior has weekend signaled that I can be a supported by him, that there were no questions any longer to him, that there were no questions any longer to him, that there were no questions any longer than the support of the support of him, the support of the support of the support of him the super than the support of the supp

### FOURTH DAY

I saddenly remem end I too originally thought a part of me was going to re-entered I did mot argually see that something new might, whose from thom which I wonger how much my first letter in was Penn maprically has used life see of killing me. Did I imprire him or merely confirm my potential for handling his needs? I bothers me he is having doubts again. I am not sure how I've a supposited him. I never a now his supportations beyond the immediate.

I should be enjoying my treat on from him these past two days hit to far it has only meet them how perhaps too much There have been times when I have suddens focused on my bags and wanted to exprenence them in his hands gar I am beginning to long for it the was I longed for him to beat my shouldens and elephants that finds gall, been with him. I want to eliminate all these preliminaries. I want to get into our experiment Sometimes my impatience is as unbear

## able as his anger

Sometimes I think about where Lord Penn may be leading me, the vastness of the experience, and I imagine it will be as singular as the first night I ever opened another man's hold.

## FIFTH DAY

I've lost contact with what was growing incide me. While I have yet to understand exactly what it is or was, I at least felt it, knew something was growing. I woke in the middle of the night, missing him intensely. I miss him now, even knowing we are supposed to have lunch together Tonlight I am his.

### SIXTH DAY

Last night, in a classic comedy of errors, we stomped pillows with a friend of Lord Penn's, a poet, and talked without walk or ceiling. I exposed my elation at being with him again, and he his rapture at interviewing Stew. Stew's life belongs in a history book, but he will never be there because he and

take of political rearrangement

The poet had arranged for Loof Penn to stay with him, let told sive excolled us the bottom bed without worrying about noise. So we did not worry, Loof Penn began squeezing the bag, showing his sooks link my meghet to suit len my screams. I was haiting and loving it, growing delitious while licking my own blood off he thoust when the light falsabed on. A strandard was the stay of the stay

to bin in the node is becyone mer.

After luming in a Exaction, are finally, caught a bubble to the Six. The bubble brain, fumbing with put's, suddenly decided Lord Penn had given it 5 not 20. Lord Penn insisted decided Lord Penn had given it 5 not 20. Lord Penn insisted bubble brain call a candid. We sat waiting for the bubble brain call a candid. We sat waiting for the bubble brain call a candid. We sat waiting for the bubble brain call a candid with the bubble, finally found an alarm and raced back, only to find the bubble gine and Lord Penn loss patients.

smooting. I knew as his eyes he wanted to best me.

"You are three munues too jac. Where were you? Do you

"You are three munues too jac. Where were you? Do you
weren't there." He took trought is noted as witness and you
weren't there." He took trought is noted as the second of the complete of the second of the complete of the second of

hairs on fire again. Burning there occur we more than enough. Finally, let Live step? The step is the destrict of the live whippered into my ear hot visions of us in a desert, he awar in every most used it has steen valued on the sand in his tent, niver most used to be supported by the step is the steen steen the steen, check the steen ste

Every time Lord Penn wants to spiriting total being must be desperate before him, my pleas clear and convincing. I had trouble pleading and generating anxieties last night. It was all

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too theatrical and only briefly reinforced with actual threats. like the time he burned me, I was too exhausted to be imaginative. Next time 1'll surprise him, hopefully amuse him, and create the fantasy he can spill in. I think I'll plea not to be

'Please, Lord, please don't crucify me," lesus.

When I'm inside his control, I often wonder why I am puteven come to hate him. But when it's over, when my body is me that I can no longer see it.

I worry that this is all there is. Yet, it is difficult removing my body from him, especially once we have snuggled into a

After salling over elephants in the arms of Blazing Tony, Shelk of a Thousand Competent Tortures, Crusher of Little Men, and Uprooter of Helpless Tongues, my body shivering In the intimidating palm of his spiked gloves, knowing he and Lord Penn are of the same mind, I slid into the bliss of frantic servitude, quietly sensing them between their needs' demands.

Something in me has never developed to allow me to keep things in proportion once I am made to feel good about myself tention. My best judgement exists during times of indifference



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to myself, times when I am alone and struggling to reach some goal more important than myself, be it my art, the answering lose senstitivity to myself and become either overly self-

critical or overly defensive

Saturated with Lord Penn, I checked the bushes and iron frame to make sure I had not missed one of his ropes or clamps. Men I knew rushed to embrace and fondle me. snapped, terrified, and signalled them to back off because was with my Master and sexual contact with others was forbidden. The shock on their faces suddenly activated the theatrical side Lord Penn has been fostering in me, but my when they've seen me as a master became the lever to raise Lord Penn before their doubting or indifferent eyes, Wade who had amazed them was himself amazed, even terrified, of another man, I displayed the love around my terror of him. communicating without detail the degree to which he is show-ing me areas of SM I have never seen before.

On the way back to Lord Penn's hole, the specialist in barbarian tortures charged my frown, exclaiming he was in awe of me. That my rope technique had impressed him at all thrilled me. His barbarian tortures have fascinated me for some

"You have a lot to offer, Wade. Slow down, You don't

Without his actually saying it, I understood he was assuming that my frantic servitude lacked desire or self-respect and rolled through me, but I covered it, laughing and assuring him moment. Next month I'll probably be tving people up with a

Some of my anger must have shown, lecture countering lecture, however cordially. He backed away, sudden y supportive and telling me to be where I was then. I reassured his persistent doubt by stressing again, "For the moment . . as what I have to offer as a master. Why should one be ultimately preferable to the other?

I gladly retreated into seclusion with Lord Penn and the

of stronger chains

As the night fog darkened around our secret woods, our garbered inside its cave the Flame Clow working his beinfire and my bone raging at the thought of being bound in new levis and roped to a stake so close to the fire that the piss

another, each feeling not only the blows against his own body but those against the other's as well, our minds growing fran-

spine kinked and sprawled me under disorienting spasms, plumes of light streaming up my back and agitating a worn some hatred of my sudden incapacitation and its inconveni-ence. The pain magnified my hatred until I cried with bitter blue eyes burned into mine. I froze to think my tears self-indulgent and no credit to his mastery. The Sheik tossed me some crystals and I guzzled them down until the pain and humiliation receded behind a rich stupor and the rest of me opened, laughing in the warmth of men I could automatically The Sheik returned from what remained of one of his little

men and, for the sake of my spiritual redevelopment, forced

"You're forcing me to be nostable." I signed, enjoying their laughter while secretly struggling with what left like a violation of some private part of me. The Shelk snapped into impatience as easily as he snaps in and out of luxuriating in affect onate attentions, always disrupting its very with the hearth reality of his potential for cruetly. He wanted informa-

"Start with the ankles, bind them tight."

He bound my toes, ankles, and then, as instructed, the entire length of my legs, binding with a delicious tightness, but with mone of the brutality! would have applied to myself. I accepted it, uncertain of how intense my body would become under his competent torture. Given enough suffering, delicious

I never suffered. He bound my bags and bone more brutally and lited my arms behind me, but he did not torrure me, lessed, his wind soared through my flesh, fueling locomotive lungs and shattering my thoughts into muscular labor! scattered into a crazed ecstasy and would have spilled had his wind blown more furrously and the ropes not loosened. His wind found another cloud, his own, his great arms embracing my bound body as it panted in a thick float and I soared to

sense his eye,

So much leather and so few who appreciate the real power of rope, so few who know how to tie with hate. Perhaps it is for the best. This way attacking my own body with rope remains the one special rite! I have for and with myself. What they can do to me! could never do to myself.

Why do I hear two pairs of boots tapping to kick me? Lord Penn wanted me back, so the Shelk dumped me into his lap, departing only after he had the opportunity to enjoy may approve a horbound the plinching thong from around my bone and bags. The rest of me remained in forever loosening

cope.

Lord Penn ordered tacks. Terror crystalized like cole porcelain in my bones, my thoughts feverish with the knowledge of what he was about to do. I felt my bay stretched over a block of wood, whimpered and fretted, chewing teeth as the tack slowly posed then pierced, bunching through two layers of skin. The sharp pressure naisseated me as I screamed past this yearty socks shalt Lot of Penn had longingly stoffee into my

mouth
He stretched my other bag. My belly pulsed, my head
erazed with anxieties as the second tack poked, pierced and
punched through, even more unbearable traps the first. My
body seemed to swell and thicken simultaneously, and I knew
I would om grow worse. One or two tacks more and my
screens would blubber, and by the time all seven tacks had my
bags stretched and prinned, I would be hysterical. I hungered

for it, soating in the terror when suddenly he stopped in wanted to shout, "No!", to beg him to continue, but there were too many socks in my throat and I dared not object. Lord Penn came to my ear. "Wade? Do uwant to see?" I opened my eyes to the amazement of seeing sach bag.

stretched and pinned to a wooden block. I remember being surprised to see no blood.

"Next the PI have to sit you and another sixe crock to crotch, force you to have a context. You can take turns cack ling each other's bags down just to see who'll crack first." Led Penn's very sistened with selectic amouement. Haughed, the removed the socks from my mouth and unted me, book. He removed the socks from my mouth and unted me, book. He removed the socks from my mouth and unted me, book. He removed the socks from my mouth and unted me, book. He removed the book from my mouth and unted have been present as the book included to the sock of the sock of the sock of the least sock of the sock of the sock of the sock of the nest sock of the sock of the sock of the sock of the free of day my mind thom's also was described the sock of the result of the sock of

I had guzefied foom many crystals to share in my Lordy exhaustion, but he needed to sleep, the warried me to share the bed with him, but knew it was too soft for the good or my kinked soine, so he offered me something of even greater meaning. He showed his flittly socks back into my mouth and my meaning the shored his flittly socks back into my mouth and mummifeer me to the right, there is not be madages and mummifeer me to the right, and the share is made sharing the share is the sharing the

I lay there for long hours, listening to the night, adoring the sounds of my Lord sleeping above me. I grew cold and yet took delight in it, finding some sort of greatness in my act, as if it made my Lord's sleep any easier. Occasionally someone for away screemed. The sounds of a belt breaking will punctuated lengthy silences. I hovered in a pleasant state of halfsleep, sug-inside the squeeze, the touch of ace banders, dreaming that in suffering I remained awake to guard my Lord against intruders, My shouts would be his alarm.

Thoughts shifted in and out of my yawns, but one remained the clearest of them all Sometime near dawn I became acutely aware of the fact that as unnerving as civilization may be, without it I would never have met these people, I would be alone in a maddening tribe, surrounded by heteroneurotic conformists seeing no more than their singular reality, provincialism in the extreme, I would have no one who would tolerate - forget appreciate me, I would be too complex. I would be too rare. I would only tolerate the people of my tribe as far as they tolerated me. I would only appreciate them as much as they nurtured and were nurtured by me. Stranded in a tribe as alien to me as I was to them. I would hate my own species. But in a civilization, in a far vaster crowd of people. I could find the rare. Here I can stink with sexually compatible, erotic intelligent "perverts," and in that I find hope, It would seem that only in the worldwide unification of human consciousness and its absurption of a growing diversity at his havioral potentials can the genius of our species accumulate. synthesize, and enrich its awareness of itself and the cosmos

I laughed to find such thoughts inside a mummy

The next morning Lord Penn and the Shelk surrounded ne while I lay naked by the pool. They began kicking me and laughed defensively, awaiting a more ground terror, Instead thes st oped and left me, disgusted. Pawe to corrective his, w. etnis, w. etnis, what they do to me only if I do not at east overtily.

### NINTH DA

I wonder at the emptiness of knowing he will not take me tonight, and dread what is happening to the part of me that is Daniel. I do not trust my present infatuation. It has not with-



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stood the test of three years, and yet it burns within me more fiercely the closer I come to the day Lord Penn will depart. Much of me wants to go with him. Much of me does not want to hurt Daniel, for he too is very much a part of me.

Still, I am so exhausted from constantly parring with so many egos, it will feel good to settle inside my own and write, to generate visions that can only be experienced through my

What I really long for right now is to be under the fear of Locar him. I want the simplicity of serving only him. I want to clear him from the parring, the misadventures, the intrusions, and to open this week so we will be freer to explore our potentials together.

## TENTH DAY

I want our interaction to be, it already feels, more and more biblical, as if I were loospin and he the Pharcah, Daniel and Nebuchádnezzar. I want to serve Lord Penn emotionally. I want to be there for him when he needs intimacy. I want to be there when he needs to beat the worms out of someone, I want to be there when he needs another perspection of the proposition of th

### ELEVENTH DA

The group thinks I am deteriorating. They do not seem to understand the passions of love. They also think I am abandoning all that I cherish. Why are they so certain I need to be rescued? I should be glad they at least appreciate Lord Penn's power, but how they be title it infurates me. How they belittle my own intalligence and inner strength infurites me.

How can so much leather have so little insight into erotic terror and the beauty of what is developing between Lord Penn and me! I wish they would all xeep their secretage out of our faces and open their eyes to an unfolding perfection. I am in Makeen and I resent there being so much garbage in

the background.

It was good to be home with Daniel. I could touch him again and contact his importance to me. I bathed in the browns and greens of his big solid eyes, He is so warm, and the sight of him still stirs me, bone and mind. It is possible to totally love two men at once.

I met Stev last night, over seventy years fully awake and laughing. He is the frisky old man I hope to become, unshaken by the wars of a petty convention. In a chuckled parring of egos, I "mortalik offenoed him" "hot to werry when one is dealing with the immortal," I

chucked, wanting to kiss the glint in his eye.

## TWELFTH DAY

Lord Penn fantasized abducting me and taking me back with him to his pod in New Zealand. I would worship him for life

I would worship him for life

JR told him, "You can take him from his lover, you can
take him from his job, you can take him from his clothes, but
you cannot take him from his manuscripts."

I would hate him for what he did to Daniel. I would worship him for what he did to me. There was much truth when I told him I would worship him for life. Who else would carry me away to his dungeon in the sky?

### THIRTSENTH DAY

Lord Penn communicated to tell me he might leave a day activ. I could not held my disappointment, but with I had I contacted too late where his mind is, and an suddenly empalting with his needs. I too will utimately be glid to resum to my art. We would be killing what is between us if we did not recognize that need and give it a home again. At least he is still planning to have our experiment. Tonight I enter hell, hopefully to discover just how enrotic terror can become the control terror can become the control terror can be control to the control terror can be can be control to the can be controlled to the control terror can be controlled to the control terror can be controlled to the control terror can be controlled to the can be controlled to the can be controlled to the controlled terror can be controlled to the can be controlled to the controlled terror can be controlled to the can be contro

For the second time, an encoder has refused to print Lord Penn's manifesto despite previous agreements with forewarnings as to its subject matter. Lord Penn was haughing, but I could feel his pain. We have grown too empathic these past firm days for me not to feel it. This week has frustrated and disturbed him even more than last week did, and it vexes me that I can do nothing to clear him of it.

I despise little minds. I want to crush their pathetic skulfs until they are just as little as their thoughts, their dignity. It infuriates me the degree to which human ignorance is so self-reinforcing, so persistently shallow in its receptual; to alternather mailbles, I anger over more, knowing that the encoders the more proposed of the proposed o

thire with the special oppression against stinky eather. This is going to either undermine or feed tonght, if Lord Penn is as flustered and angry as I am, he may beat me like! have never been beatine before, the bathed in providing him have never been beatine before, the bathed in providing him with a body. He can take his frustrations out on mine, I offer it willingly, Jonneyl, selfishly and the willingly, Jonneyl, selfishly and the willingly. Oncyple, selfishly and the willingly. Oncyple selfishly the willingly the willingly. Oncyple selfishly the willingly the wi

I paced, knowing for the first time that Lord Penn would be my pain Before, I thought tattoong his chest would be as paintest as tattooing an elephant, but Stew assured me It was paintest as tattooing an elephant, but Stew assured me It was painted by the state of the state of

The sight of my Lord in pain fascinated me, Having never delivered pain to him. I had no way to gauge the stimulus through his reactions. Would my own reaction to the same needle be as intenses as his or calmer, finding it more families and erotic? I admined the ease with which Lord Penn transferred his pain from his cheep to tho his plays and feet. The vision of his forever moving boots transfixed me Inside a hard heat. His thickly socked feet siguitimed in my mind.

Lord Penn has discovered that his ordeal somehow released much of the anxlety generated within him by this past week,

He has tasted the ecstasy of a slave.

I had expected the insanity of two solid days of unending bondage and tourus. Instead, the descent into hell was slow and arduous in its prolonged and admittedly foolish expectation. I thought I was in hail when he shaked my body, all of bed, all of the hall armed many hours, atter when he sandsupered the most sensitive regions of my body, examp silvers until my only unity was the struggle of my feet bound and sweat my body has the based of the base of my bonds.

It was not tell often he hang me from chains and whispen my elephants with a wire bruth untill was throwing myself anywhere to assage however briefly, only to be confronted with the shocking sight of his hand covered and displaying with the shocking sight of his hand covered and displaying with the shocking sight of his hand covered and sightly sight of his hand covered and sightly sight

I was still descending not yet there, when he belted my back so hard is separated from it, unable to appreciate it until he finally stopped and sprawed below me to ook up at my suffering with a cold etiberation. He said it was over I bawled sportaneously, suddenly appreciating how much he had done to me as he shock waves boiled through my body and all of me arched, blasting with a roar that did not want to stop, a speam, and them another-roar spealess in its fury and

screaming. All this was too erotic to be hel.

Not until he embraced me and caressed me and told me he

would call for me to move into his dungeon over New Zealand did i enter hell, Daniel and Lord Penn simultaneously immediate, two total loves battling in a futile grab for resolution. Lord Penn promised me a nervous breakdown. It was neither

offered nor to be found in two days of unending bondage and torture, but in a moment of two equal and conflicting loves. I am torn apart, my only comfort in the postponement

How do I face Daniel? How do I spare him what I am going through without absolute dishonesty? It would be a cowardly Daniel, and he may give me no other choice. I want to be an animal, and animals, above all else, are uncanny in their knack

There are sides of me Lord Penn does not know - the part that likes to crawl inside thick socks and wool tights snug bethe fulfilment as well as the growth of my creative energy and requires a wide diversity of constant informational input along with periods of intense y selfish sout ins, the part that loves being surrounded with music from Medieval to avant-garde; the part that panies at the possible loss of my the part that needs everything to stop so I can finish my books inside the security of there being no questions, no extraneous conflicts, only concepts unfolding and resolving on paper; the part that is Daniei

How trivial some parts may seem while others are crucial to my growth and happeness. How easily could the trivial be abandoned and how long would it be before even they would rear violently as a need resenting its deprivation?

Lord Penn is not the totality. Daniel is not the totality. I crave both to a depth neither appreciates and I fear comple mentation may be impossible, I am trying to balance the Do I want the courage to reach for a dream at the risk of losing to where I was at the risk I occurring loever nagged by what could have been?

The world is telling me I am a fool and Lord Penn in-credibly selfish. They are words the world often tacks onto and those who would strive for some sort of self-fulfillment.

They are words spoken by those striving for their own interests and security

Lord Penn said we are riding a dangerous cusp between reality and fantasy. What I need to know is whether or not it passion that may destroy me. The passion may prove as adept at fulfilling me as Daniel and feed me so I'll grow where I would never grow otherwise. It is a gamble I want to better know the odds on. Both men are so incredibly special, in their Intalligence, in their underlying sensitivity, in their maturity. Does I are Penn real, want to care for me! Does be really want so much responsibility and do I want to abandon it? or would we feed each other so that we would both grow

The safety of the certain versus the risk of the unknown -

But I'm not and I wish to hell I loved one more than the other. I wish he had abducted me, even if the wish does make me a coward He will probably come for me, I imagine I will leave here, crying beside him but happy I'm going,

In the daze of his basence, I have scissored breezes to a bushes. A brown sea shimmers and crystallizes like some marvelous blanket at my feet, its green tinges forever erupting and cooling, and all around is the sky burning like a vast pale blue eye I cannot avoid. I am incredibly empty, and yet I am fulfilled, Somewhere I am a part of all this. Somehow I am grander than I am.

I must prepare myself for the final evacuation.





I was new in town, didn't know anyone ineeded a place. My old apartment in New York had made me sick of cramped quarters, I needed space.

I had no intention of moving into some taxicy apartment complex is the swemming pool and updight neighbors. I watered someting of ferent A committee of the many control of the properties of th

Saturday morning I biked over to Montrose and found a health food restaurant. I ealed through a few the free undergrond rags that were stacked in front of the cash register. Plenty of classifiers. One of them seemed in the line when the lin

Liberated person needed to share 3 story house w 2 w lm. You help in house, garden gat privacy tresh.

The cities are a story house w 2 w lm. You help in house, garden gat privacy tresh.

Year \$0.000.

The addres was on Beauchamp Street I asked the cashier I she knew where it was North of downtow she said. A restoration area, Her boythiend lived there. Lots of trees and big out houses. Mixed helphomood. Chicanos. Blacks, old couples, student types.

Unicanos Blacks, old couples, student types I had an a fa fa sprout salad to get myse f in the mood and bixed up to Beauchamp. I thought about

## BLUE LIGHT

removing the studged band of leather around my left bicep, decided against it. If I moved in they diffigure out.

The house was set on a corner, and dominated develunting around it. Feast Verticinar style, with yellow.

capacity and set of on a corner and dominated everyutining around it. Texas victorian style with yellow capacity as an aigner or Lots of decorative careful and of the successes stores were set back in a guitar of digables, hursted my segs up to the detegonal room after the tops when the dominated to a point it seames portrieved on the noise we are also seen to a point it seames portrieved on the noise we are an eagles rest high above the tops. If the own the own the contract of the contrac

The yard was like a jumple idense and green. Shady trees, century pants, stands of wild bamboo, even a few spindly yardas. Shifar I looked like a bargain. Two women were sitting on the front porch. As I walked up they stopped tan no gland looked me over I did.

They both looked a little overweight and wore their hair long and friezy Late twenties early little work.

I learned their names were karen and Sharon. Karen wore it is, a season desease and sandste, clica. 1986.
It learned to do dope and read sheren kind on magazines. Sharon smore contacts. Karen smore high call as something to dat a beat of the sharen smore high calls about They both made good money. Acting for Ma Bell and were old, old

Sharon had to work on her bike, so Karen gave me a



walk-through. The first floor ceilings were twelve feet high. All the wallpaper had been stripped off. The walls were dark lumber. The women had separate rooms on the first floor There was also a big bathroom, a living room, library (shelf after shelf of Analog and fantasy and Science Fiction-), and a cavernous kitchen with yellow plaster walls. There was a

poster of Janis Jopkin over the refingerator A back door off the kitchen opened onto a small wooden porch. They had turned the back yard into an Impressive

garden "Now, I'll show you your room," Karen said The stairway was parrow and steep. The second floor was

much smaller. A short, dark hallway - bathroom at one end, an empty room at the other

The room had a low celling and narrow, floor-length windows. The dark stipped walls made it seeem smaller than it was. It was U-shaped, with windows facing every direction The drapes were gray with age and dirt. The furniture was sparse the bed was a mattress on the floor I saw possibili-



ties. I told Karen I liked it.

As we stepped back into the hallway. I looked up the last flight of steps. They ended in a trapdobr

You might as well see the rest of the house," Karen offered. "I think Michael's out, but I'm sure he wouldn't mind 'I followed her up the short flight. She pushed the door open a few inches and peered inside, eves at floor level "Just want to make sure there aren't any burnt offerings or

spilled entrails on the floor," she said "Huh?

Karen laughed. "I'm lust kidding Sort of Michael's into some pretty weird stuff." She pushed the trapdoor open "Looks okay. Come on up.

We were in the octagonal room at the top of the house. Four walls and four windows. The windows were covered by heavy black drapes that admitted no light, making the room seem like a sealed chamber. I wondered where the faint light came from, realized it was concentrated in a bar in the center of the room. I looked up. A tiny stained glass skylight shaped like an eight-pointed star was set in the center of the high ceiling

"Michael owns the place. You may not meet him for a while. He keeps odd hours eats up here in his room-

As she spoke, I looked around A large four poster bed against one walt, ancient looking wooden caskets set with bronze hinges, a huge wooden chair that looked like a medieval throne Squat, thick candles were set all about the room Pentangles and other symbols, indistinct in the darkness, painted in white on the purple walls and high domed ceiling

I walked to a bookcase close by Only a few of the authors were familiar Dennis Wheatley, Aleister Crowley, Anton

"He's a Satanist?" I asked, mildly curious I had known stranger types

Michael? Oh no! I mean, he doesn't hold black masses or anything like that At least I don't think so. Actually I don't know what he does up here. Sharon and I stay pretty much on the ground floor

I moved in that afternoon

That evening I ate in the kitchen Sharon and Karan were good company. I kept expecting to see my third housemate.

but he never showed I was tired and nervy after a day of moving, and decided I needed an evening out I checked out a couple of bars, then hit one of the baths. I stumbled in around four in the morning. trying not to make too much noise on the creaky stairs. I

noticed there was a thin edge of light around the trandporto the octagonal room I woke up, headachy Sometime in the late morning Sunlight was streaming in the room, I got up, half asleep, to close the drapes. One of the windows looked down on the garden. I

saw a man there, shovelking

From the steep angle I couldn't see much except his head and shoulders. He was wearing durty white overalls. His hair was long - almost to his waist - and black, pulled back from his face in a ponytail. His untanned shoulders were broad and solid. They were beautiful to watch as he due the shovel into the earth and scooped it out

He suddenly slood up straight, turned toward the house,

He was very tall, easily over six feet. The overalls fit tight around his waist, emphasizing the incredible width of his chest and shoulders. Sweat made the sunlight glimmer in the deep cleft between his pectorals. His face was young and spotted with dirt. I was struck by how white and smooth his. skin was, like ivory

He rested one hand on the shovel at his side, raised the other to wipe the sweat from his forehead

I stood naked at the full-length window as we looked at each other - naked except for the teather arm band, which I never take off I tried to smile, despite the pain cracking my heed. Now why couldn't I have run into that at the baths last

night, I thought Then I closed the drapes and went back to I thought I might see him later in the day I saked Karen If he was around In his room, she said. Working

"What does he do? "I don't really know," she shrupped, "I say 'working' because he doesn't like anybody to disturb him when he's upstairs "

There was no sign of him for several days. I wanted another look at those shoulders and arms. It became a mild

I had set my bed opposite the door to my room. I took to leaving the door open when I was in. I lay on the bed, shirtless, reading or smoking, one eye on the hallway Sooner or later I'd see him pass by

That was how I spent my evenings that first week in the house, reading in bed and waiting for a chance to meet Michael Somehow he eluded me. I must have read Karen's

entire collection of Amazing Stories that week It became a game. It is my nature to win games. Friday night I was hot. Ready to grab him off the stairs and

drag him into my room. And sure enough, around nine g'clock. I heard footsteps on the lower stairway.

I lowered the magazine in my hands so I could see over it. and watched a man appear headfirst in the hallway. He was not Michael. But he easily drove the week-long obsession with my landlord from my mind.

He was blond, short hair, butch features, mustache Dressed in a sleeveless T shirt that showed off a well stacked torso. Skin golden from the sun. A lot like me, in fact.

He was tall, taller than me; maybe taller than Michael I automatically glanced at his crotch. No data, the pants were too loose to show. So I concentrated my stare at the nipples

that stood out under that tight shirt. I wanted to bite them. Obviously gay. Or so I thought, when his eyes met mine, I tried to look him in with a cold stare. I said hi And got no response, except a mumble. He kept walking, up to the trapdoor I craned my neck and saw him disappear into an arc of soft yellow light. The pants made his crotch a mystery, but they couldn't have flattered his ass more.

I got up from bed and walked quietly into the half Looked up at the closed trapdoor. It was quiet for a while, then I heard voices - louder than normal, a fight. The man's voices were distinct, one was much lower than the other

Then heavy footsteps overhead, I almost bolted for my room, thinking one of them was about to leave. Then the argument resumed. A silence, and their voices returned, quieter Another silence, then shouting. Then a quiet so long

I decided they had made up and cone to bed. I returned to my room Just as I sat on the bed, wondering where I had put my Houston bar guide, there was a dim light in the hallway, and feet on the upper stairs. It was the blond man, leaving I tried to catch his attention, but he kept his eyes straight shead

Shortly after the blond left, the trapdoor opened again. The game had paid off

My cock was hard it showed as a thick ridge in my Jeans My torso has a thin sheen of sweat from the heat. I rose from the bed and stepped into the hallway just as Michael did. His black heir was unbound and hung straight, parted in the middle. It was beautiful, sleek and thick like combed silk. He had one of those paradoxical faces, that look more

mascuine with long hair than short. His face was slightly narrow, features large but delicate, perfectly balanced and made perfect by flawless cream colored skin. His eyes were dark brown. Long lashes Straight black evebrows. He had a wide mouth and full lips. They looked red and moist against the pale cheeks. He looked 23. He had to be older than that His body was even better than I had thought. Huge square-

muscled shoulders. His biceps seemed to fill his upper arms to bursting -- a pale blue vein ran down the length of each muscle, and split the front of his arms into sharply defined alopes of dark and light. His pecs were two distinct square alabs that rose from his chest. The dark nipples, set far to the lower corner of each slab, were the size of half-dollars and perfectly flat. His lower chest and stomech was an expanse of gentle ridges that funnelled, V-shaped, to narrow muscleflat hips. The twin arcs of his pelvis were as deep and defined as Michaelangelo's David.

He was wearing nothing but miniscule white nylon briefs. so sheer that his big flaccid cock and ballsack nestled visibly inside. Below, his legs were fluid pillars of muscle. And over all was his skin, glowing pale amber in the light reflected from the wood, virtually hairless, soft and firm, muting the finely stohed muscles, projecting only hugeness and beauty.

He smiled faintly "You must be the new guy " His voice was almost artifically deep.

I extended my hand and we shook, head style. "Yeah, Name's Bill Gray "

"Well I'm Michael Black, Black and Gray, huh? That's cute "There was not a trace of humor in his voice.

Our hands stayed locked together and I looked into those deep brown eyes. I knew that while I had been taking in his body, all in an instant, he had done the same with mine. I was

Then he broke the handshake and turned to go "Be seeing you," he said simply, and walked to the bathroom. The long black hair fanned over his wide back and almost obscured the breathtaking parrowness of his waist. His ass, small and round with muscle, seemed to shimmer inside the nylon briefs. I noticed for the first time just how large his legs were.

My two hands wouldn't have met around his calves The next morning I asked Karen about the blond visitor "Oh, that must have been Cart," she said. 'Yeah, he used to

live here. In your room I didn't see Michael again that weekend. After that, now

and again. But only briefly. And he was always distant. I knew he was gay. The blond hunk Carl turned out to be a regular visitor, sometimes coming three times a week Carl was so oblivious of me and the band around my left arm, I decided he has to be another top I know they had rough sex. I could hear them above me at night. Flesh striking flesh with a sweaty crack. Heavier blows - a distinct whoosh and shap of a whip. Knees knocking on the wooden floor - a man crawling - the thud of a body knocked against the wall, crumpling to the floor. They seldom spoke, I only heard occasional moans in a low, rumbling tone that sometimes rose to a roar -- Michael's voice I would make him do more than moan

I had fantasies about him. When I see a beautiful man, I want to own him. Michael was the most exciting thing I had brushed with in months. There were other man with bodies as good. It was the pale skin and long hair that set him apart

The look of natural innocence

This game, too, I would win, I knew what I wanted. To see that pretty face, those thick red lips twisted around my nine inches. To hear him gag on it and groan in that deep masculine voice. To strain that bass into a high-pitched whimper. I imagined him naked, erect, on his knees - arms twisted and bound behind his back, big chest thrust up hairless and vulnerable, the hair adding a savage twist I knew how to make those big flat nipples stand up red and sharp

His ass had limitless possibilities. Every mark would show twist around his neck and choke him. To use as reins when I

across the pale drum-tight flesh His hair would have its uses. To inflict pain, bring tears. To

rode his face like a saddle. Later it might have a more important use - as a final act of humiliation, to force him to shave it. It would strip his last resistance, like Samson, it would signal his degradation to slavery. I had gotten what I wanted from other men. I would get

what I wanted from him I had plans for Michael Black

My chance came the next Saturday 1 got up around noon, feeling rested and ready for anything. I slipped into a pair of jeans and went down to the kitchen to make a sandwich.

The door to the back porch was open. Michael was sitting on the steps, looking at the garden. My heart speeded up. I stepped outside and sat beside him. "Mind if I join you?"

"No." He glanced at me, looked back at the garden. He was wearing a pair of jeans that hugged him from croich to calves like a glove, and a white tank top that looked a size too small around his shoulders but hung loosely below his pecs. His waist must have been around 28 inches; his chest maybe 50

"You must work out a lot," I said it seemed a natural apening. "Yeah Couple of hours a day And Lan-Tzu class three

times a week." He glanced at my naked chest "You too?" I shrugged "When I was in New York I haven't found a gym here yet."

"I'll take you to mine."
I accepted that as a compliment. I knew he worked out in a genuine meat factory, not a production line franchise. He

was warming.
'You don't get much sun, though. Sensitive skin?"

"No," he said. "I'm just not crazy about sunlight. I'm basically a nocturnal animat." He picked up a joint and a book of matches from a lower step. He lit it, inhaled, and offered it to me wordlessly 1 shook my head

"Gave it up about a year ago, when it started doing strange trips on my head. Thanks, though

"Too bad, Sharon grows some pretty mean weed in the garden." He exhaled through clenched teeth. "It helps me focus my power."

Whatever turns you on, I thought "You're not originally from Houston, are you?" I asked

"No Southern California."
"Why would you leave that for this?"

"Too much sun out there, for one thing " He smiled "And work's easier here."

"Oh? I didn't think you worked."

"I work," he said cooly if got the idea he didn't care to talk about it. But after another hit, he slaborated "I supply special experiences for people who can pay. Experiences they can get symber et see I like Houston because people here have lots of money and not much imagination. They said for easy stuff, and pay through the moss for rit. Not the the Cosst. People there wanted neary tripe, restly taxed my energy. And there are more of us out there Here T m a graity."

The joint was making him tellicative. It was pretty murity, but I got the idea. He was a hustler. He had a very specify appeal; the paying market might be small, but he had a corner on It. There must be plenty of inch country-born for in Houston who'd pay to stick it to a muscular young longhair.

I decided to play dumb. "Shit man — you mean sex?"

He stared straight ahead, jaw tight, and took another hit
"Sometimes. But I don't always charge for that. I enjoy

myself too much." He gave ms a Mons Lisa smile.
That was a rehef I'd never paid to screw a guy and I didn't

That was a refief I'd never paid to screw a guy and I didn't intend to start now, even with Michael We sat in silence until he finished the joint. He turned his

face to mine. His brown eyes seemed to sparkle. Jaw s little stack. A real stone bunny, I thought, in the palm of my hand. I stid my hand over his thigh and onto his cock, rock hard and thick inside the tight denim.

"Wanns go upstairs?" I said He paused, staring at my face, I stared back and squeezed

his cock until I got the answer I wanted
"Sure"
"My room," he said as we emerged on the first landing. I

followed him up through the trap door. He made a circuit of the room, lighting candles until the chamber flowed with soft amber light like a chapel for the dead in a cathedral. He pulled a cord that sid a cover over the try skylight, leveling only candlelight for illumination. It was high noon outside, but here it was midright. Then he made another circuit of the room, pulling open the black valvel.

drapes
The four windows had been sealed over on the inside in

their place were full-length mirrors

The deep darkness above, the dim light, the mirrors all around, made it impossible to sense the true dimensions of the room. It seemed to expand into Infinity, like the images in those opposing mirrors. I was in his private world now, a

place outside of time and space.

The effect was very special, secretive and hypnotic. And promising. Michael had imagination.

I walked to the middle of the room and took a stance with lasts on my hips. I could feel my cock pulsing halfway down my left leg. Michael finished his preparations and stood before ms. hands at his sides.

"Strip," I said. The word sounded sharp in the muffled

He looked at me for a moment, expressionless Feeling me out. Then he grabbed the bottom seam of his tank top and pulled it over his shoulders. Suddenly I knew who he reminded me of . L'II Abner. The exaggerated shoulders and chest, the wasp weist, the builging thighs and calves "Yeah," I breathed "Now your parts".

They were so tight he had to peel them off, turning them inside out. His balance never faltered as he bent over and

lifted his feet. He was graceful as a dancer He stood Slid his fingers under the waistband of the cling-

He stood Slid his fingers under the waistband of the clinging briefs.
"Leave those on." I said quietly. I wanted to save the sight

of his naked ass for later His cock was hard, causing a bulge that pulled the warstband an inch from his flat belly He pulled his hande clear and waited for the next command

I took my time. We had a staredown Michael never lowered his eyes. I could read no expression in them "Come here," I said. He walked to me slowly. It was beauti-

ful to watch him move Even a simple at like walking he performed with snimal grace, fluid and sexual He stopped a good foot away I didn't like the fact that his

face was above mine. It wouldn't be for long.
He raised his right hand to touch the leather band around

my left bloop. "You have a beautiful body," he said softly He brought his hands to my chest, combed his fingers through the thick mail of bond hair. "Like Cart," he whispered I grabbed his wrists and pushed his hands to my crotch.

"Take it out"

He looked down as he unbuttoned my jeans, spread the flaps and circled his fingers around the tick downturned base

of my cock. He had to use both hands to pull it out. He held it tightly. I saw a strange smile on his downturned face. He weighed it in his hands.

"Yeah, Big and heavy, Just like Carl's."

I tried not to be irritated by the compansons. They appeared to be lovers, after all

"Then get on your knees and suck it. Just like you suck

Carf s cock."
Michael knatt in the mirrors to my left and right 1 saw his body, lean and steek in profile. I watched my cock head stide between his lips. In the mirror before me I saw his backthrust as a riside the transluscent briefs. I twated the hair at the rape of his need, into a single cord and pulled it aside, used to not let he hair stoke the hair specific his head in place. The twin slopes of he burs flowed up into his back, aplit by the shadow-dark crease of his

arched spine into two inverted triangles of pure muscle. His back was unfouched. Maybe Carl didn't want to see that ivory pyrfection marred by wetts. Michael would find out soon enough where the comparisons ended between Carl.

and me —

— I yanked his head forward and gave a sudden thrust with
my hips, trying to catch him offguard. Start him off gagging
Get his saliva running. Make him take it my way from the very

Start But it slid down his throat without a hitch I looked down at his upturned face. His eyes were shut, the long leahes flick-ered. His cheeks were drawn taut. His thick rad lips circled the base of my shaft. His jaw was thrust sharphy into my balls. A solid count of tilesh down his throat.

I looked at our profiles in the mirror His kneeling body was arched like a bow. The bulge in his shorts tooked like a trapped fist. His gullet was unnaturally distended, packed

with rine thick inches of meat. I desplicked his face, never retreating more than three inches. Watched his throat expand and contract. The candle-light flashed on the trickles of spit that ran from the corners of his mouth onto his corded neck. I don't know how he manuad to breshe

I pulled his head back by the hair in my fist and emptied his throat with a jerk. Keep him cock-hungry. He leaned back, gasping for breath. His mouth and chin were wet with spit.

The firelight made his full, parted lips glisten obscenely I rested my cockheed against his lower lip while he caught his breath

Michael swallowed, and spoke, moving his wet lips over the knob of my cockhead. "You must have some toys down in your room." He rolled his eyes up to mine

I smiled Things were going fine. 'Yeah. In a wooden locker by my bed." I reached down to gently squeeze his right nipple. "Go get it."

He obeyed instantly in the moment he was gone I stripped off my jeans I flexed, and looked at my reflection in the mirrors. Michael had said I had a fine body— a feel compliment from a man with a virtually flewless physique—and why not? I was not as tall as he was, or as broad, thicker in the chest, more compact. The years I had spent working of the anxettes of New York III or

through sweat and hard overcise had paid off, many times liked the difference in our books sky deep lan and stark tan line against his pale flesh, the rich golden hair on my chest and itime against his speak roully. The nine rich column of flesh that stuck up from my crotch, and that hard round said offs, about to be spirtly open I pumped my left arm, and watched the briego strain against the studded band. Michael returned he kindt and placed this long box at my

feet
"Go ahead," I told him "Open II. If you see something you like—ask for it."

He lifted the lid and gazed down at the jumble of steel and leather. He noticed the dozen varieties of its clamps. He picked up a chein-linked pair and stared at them.

"You're into pain," he murmured naively, half question and half statement. "You like to put these on other men's nipples. Twist them, Pull on them, A way to put pain in them Make



I answered his innocent boy act with a smirk. "Un huh." I said drily, "You've got big tits. Probably take two clamps each '

Michael put the clamps back in the box. Afraid of them, I

He took out a pair of padded handcuffs. "To bind them Put them at your mercy. So they can't strike back. So you can feel

free to use them however you want " "Uh huh." I spread my stance and stroked my cock with

two fingers. Maximum hard

He set the cuffs aside, on the floor Then took out my greatest pride, next to my cock. My riding crop, an intricately twined handle with a thin two foot tongue of stiff leather it had been a gift from a not very shy trick in the Village. "It's yours, Bill," he had said, "if you'll use it on me." And I had I

was glad Michael had the guts to choose it. And you use this on their naked skin, as if they were



animals." His tone was fascinated but detached, as if he were an observer, taking inventory. Boy, he really knew how to ask

He looked up at ms with those deep brown eyes. "Is that what you're going to do with me, Bill? Cuff my hands behind my back, clamp my nipples? Make me crawl after your big

cock, beat me, fuck my ass? His deep voice, low and soft, reverberated in my head. I fell the rush of a perfect moment. "That's right, mister." I glared

down at him. "Now hand me the crop. He held it horizontal, offered it with both hands. Beautiful, I took it by the handle. Ran the tongue through my fiet. Touched the tip against his nipple, and gently tapped his

pec. Then I draw it up and cracked it across my thigh to make

Instead his face seemed to harden, become steady and purposeful

He rose to his feet and stared down at me. Suddenly my whole left arm went limp, as if the nerves had been severed. and the riding crop slipped from my hand. I didn't hear it hit the floor. I tried to look down, and found that I couldn't take

my eyes from his "Stay." His quiet voice boomed deeply in the silence.

And I stood, body relaxed but paralyzed, as he walked to a casket across the room. I couldn't turn my head to watch him. I was forced to stare straight ahead into the mirror, it reflected the fear and astonishment frozen on my face.

Michael returned. Several lengths of thin chain were

looped over his right forearm.

He slowly circled me, examining my naked body. I felt like a paralyzed insect in a spider's web, waiting to be satenalive. But I did not panic. My mind seemed to be slowing down, shifting into neutral, losing touch with reality. I should never have smaked that weed, I thought. Then remembered I hadnit

I tried to open my mouth to ask him what the hell he had done to me. But I couldn't speak. My jaw was frozen. He had said he was into some sort of marital art. Paralysis

with a touch? But he had not touched me. There was no way he could have drugged me

He ran his hands over my body, exploring my back and arms, cupping my pecs and buns. He inserted his middle finger into my mouth to wet it and slid it up my ass. My mouth stayed open, as his finger had left it.

He stood beside me, spoke in my ear. Kept the long finger enside, gently probing. He wet his other hand in my mouth and stroked my cook. I watched in the mirror His lean profile. the rolling muscles in his stroking arm, my mouth left gaping open like an idiot's.

"I ve been paid \$25,000 for what I'm about to do to you, Bill " Stroking, probing, "But that was for a man who wanted it. Or thought he did And he wasn't very attractive You are, Bill Big cock. Hard ass." He frowned at my chest. "All that hair is unfortunate. It hides your muscles. You'll look better after the hoop.

He slid his finger from my ass, released my cock after a hard squeeze. He stood before me, and slipped the chains from his forearm. Three were two of them, one long, the other the length of a bracelet. They were made like dog chokers, nooses with sliding rings to control the pressure

He put the bigger chain over my head and pulled it tight, The metal was cold as ice, unnaturally cold, around my nack, The loose end hung between my pecs. Then he slid the small chain over my cock and balls, circled them right and left the end dangling from the back side of my testicles.

He bent over and retrieved the padded handcuffs. Twisted my arms behind my back and cuffed my wrists. He stood in

front of me and smiled grimly And now this," he said, "since symbols are so important to both of us ' He unsnapped the leather band from my left arm

I felt as if my tast protection had been stripped from me. He tried to fit it over his own left bicep, but the muscle was too big. So he slipped it over my right arm and snapped it tight. He stepped aside so I could see myself in the mirror Naked Cock hard and circled with cold steel. Arms bound. Choker around my neck Leather strap on the right, marking

me as a slave. I grouned inside, confused and helpless. In five minutes, against my will, he had completely reversed our roles. And I had no idea how he had done it.

Then, fogged as my mind was, I noticed something. I couldn't be certain in the dim light, but the silver chains around my neck and cock seemed to glow faintly, circled by a ghostly blue light. As I watched, the blue aura grew stronger, until I saw it clearly in the glass, like wisps of phosphorescent blue mist around my neck and between my

I was not afraid-not quite. Not yet. A numbness was seeping into my head, a comfortable sense of detachment. Damn it, I thought, maybe he slipped me acid. But I knew,

legs

somehow, that the numbness was radiating from those cold blue chains

Michael returned. With both hands he held what looked like a hoop of glass tubing, two feet in diameter. The hoop glowed neon blue

Silently he raised the ring above my head and lowered it slowly to the floor. As it passed around my body it seemed to shred a cocoon of light behind I saw myself in the mirror.

encased in a cylinder of blue haze.

"Now we walt," Michael said, "to let the energy soak in." He cocked his head, looked me up and down as he groped himself inside the nylon briefs. His dark handsome face was relaxed. lips parted, eyes narrowed, sexed-up

I felt the hair on my body stand up straight as if charged with static electricity. Something weird was happening in the mirror I saw a mass of suspended particles in the space between my body and the cocoon of blue light. Too vague to make out in the mirror. I tried to look down. My neck was paralyzed Michael saw my eyes strain. He reached inside the light and pushed my face down.

My body was being stripped of its hair. The process was slient, painless, magic, I suppose. The short hairs detached themselves from my skin and drifted slowly through the light-suffused air, made contact with the field of circling

light-nd disappeared

At first the air was choked with free floating strands, sliky yellow ones from my chest and arms and legs, kinky darker ones from my crotch. Then the migration grew sparser, until I saw the last curiy strand unfur! from my left nipple, stand straight and pull free. It wafted gently like a weightless mote of dust, drew steadily toward the barrier of light, touched It-vanished

I had been shaved once before-long ago, when I was another man. The lob had taken hours, and left me with nicks. around the base of my cock and around my tits. The master had not been pleased with the effect-said it made my skin like sandpaper. Since shaving had been my idea, not his, he had punished me afterward with a long razor strap

My skin had been city-pale then, my body undeveloped I hadn't liked the look either; the hairlessness seemed to expose every flaw. Now, gazing down at myself in the blue light, I was mesmerized by the smooth planes of my chest, all tan flesh and ridges of muscle, clearer than I had ever seen them before. My nipples looked naked somehow, vulnerable. My cock, still has hard as it had been buried in Michael's throat, reared big and stiff from my denuded crotch, the tight chain around the base fully exposed. There was no stubble. My body was as sleek as Michael's

"It'll grow back," he said. He grabbed the heir on my head-thank god he had not taken that-and pulled my face.

It was as if I saw another man in the mirror. A hunky blond slave, totally harriess, mouth hanging open like a dog's, cock hard for his master

Michael moved in front of me, blocking my reflection .He spoke, and that deep booming voice made me ache to touch him, or for him to touch me.

"You've got to trust me, Bilt Relax Give in You remember how to give in Co-operate, do your part, and you won't be hurt Understand?

No, I didn't understand Nothing made sense. All I knew was that he had me in his power-literally, completely i've been paid \$25,000 for what I'm about to do to you. But that

was for a man who wanted it-or thought he did-He alipped a finger through the steel ring at the end of the chain that hung from my neck-

He licked his other hand and out it on my throat, kneeding and exploring with slick fingers. The choker pulled tighter I felt my windpipe flatten.

"Don't be frightened," he whispered. How could I not be frightened-he was strangling me. The chain pulled tighter and tighter. My throat grew numb under his fingertips. I could not breathe. My paralyzed body convulsed

Then-I heard a rattling of metal and saw his right hand pull away. The choker dangled free from his foretingers. I felt myself being lifted up-a sensation of weightlessness and vertigo-the room fell and whirled around me I tried to scream with horror, and couldn't I caught a glimpse in one of the mirrors-my body, stockstill within the blue light field-Michael standing aside-holding something in his handsholding-my head-

I blacked out. Only for an instant, I think, Then I was looking up at Michael. He was holding my face between his hands. He sat in the throne-like chair, shoulders against the back, ass on the edge. My head between his thighs

His briefs were gone. His cock loomed above my face Beyond, his flat-muscled stomach, bunched into tight folds of flesh beneath the sculptured domes of his pecs. His eyes on mine The look on his face frightened me-a look of contempt and total control

"Stop twisting your face up, Bill it makes you ugly Cock, Bill My cock. Look at it

It hovered mover me, white and thick It was perfect, like the rest of his goddamned body. Not as long as mine-eight inches-but thick, enormously thick, tapered slightly at the base. The head was huge, a fourth of the entire shaft. The skin was pearly white and transluscent, smooth as glass showing deep blue veins within. The circumcision ring was almost unnoticeable, the color of cream. The shaft looked hard as alabaster, but spongy and fat, as if it were covered by a sheath of rubbery flesh. I could feel its heat on my face

"My cock, Bill. Taste it" He rubbed myf ace all over his meat. I felt its fullness on my cheeke and nose, big heard pressed against my eyes.

"Lick it. Lick my cock, Bill." And I opened my mouth-yes, able to move now-and stuck out my tongue He slid my drooling mouth over his meat. Flattened my tongue against the builging shaft, ran it around the beveled edge of his cockhead, allowed me to probe into the deep slit at the tip

He pushed my face onto his shaft and filled my mouth with cockhead. It came back to me, my old days as a slave, when this was what I craved from other men, the privilege of feeling their meat warm and solid in my mouth. I realized he was trying to pacify me-giving me something big to suck on to make me forget the shock of what had just happened-or

what I imagined had happened I rolled my eyes up and drew on the massive beauty of his chest and arms the way my mouth was drawing on his massive cock. My throat had grown thick with saliva-I tried to swallow, found I couldn't, just as I couldn't speak-realized I wasn't even breathing. The accumulated spittle oozed around my lips and ran like lava over his shaft

He pushed my face all the way onto his cock. There was a bruising pain as it entered my guillet, as if he were shown a beer bottle down my throat I retched, and spattered his balls and thighs with splt I was gagging, but not choking-how could I choke when my breathing had stopped?

His hips never moved. He forced my head up and down driving my throat onto his shaft and pulling back till my lips

caught on the ridge of the head

He fucked my face that way -using it like cored melon or a pillow-it seemed like hours. He took it slow, pleasuring himself, as if he were alone in his room masturbating. In and out my throat, with slow luxurious strokes. Then bursts of violence-pushing my face into his groin, flattening my nose against his steel-hard belly, grinding deep and hard making my throat convulse and ripple around his shaft Juices ran from my stuffed mouth uintil his lap was slick with spittle and precum

My mind settled in to a profound calm, I was aware alert But there was a sensation of timelessness, disembodiment I was outside any normal dimension, as if, freed from breath freed from my body. I was beyond panic or pain

He coaxed me through clenched teeth, voice low and

mammoth chest heaving so I knew he we close—"If seels good down your threat doesn't I Bill? My cock in your mouth. What you readly wateried from me, what you need To stucker, Bill." He would get close that way—I caude feet his cock spurring procum—then pull me off Bill I had only the need, hold off, close that he presid. And start over again Until my get hong close it is a done to the control of the control

He got close again Putted my mouth off his cock. Held my head up by a fist in my hair, his other first around his cock making slurping sounds. The shaft glistened in candlelight, thick glaze of spit. He stroked himself haltingly. His hips bucked gently. On the brink.

His eyes were almost closed. The pupils flashed like sparks between the narrowed lashes "I'm gonna come now, Bill Yeah." He hissed with pleasure.



"My cock is gonna shoot. You want it in your mouth? Sure you do. The big leather boy wants my come in his mouth Then beg for it, Bill. Beg me to shoot it down your fucking throat."

I tried. My lips couldn't even shape the words. I flexed my Jaw, twisted my tongue and curled my lips like a spestic. There was no sound except the hollow gurgling of the mucous in my throat.

Michael yelled, and pushed my face onto it, down to the base. It greted in my throat like a startled snake. He fingers bit into the base of my skull like pincers. A wild animal roar filled the derkness. I institutively tried to swallow as the pumping started. His come clogged my throat, backflushed into my mouth. It tasted britter and strong.

He held me down on his pulsing meat for a long time. No need to pull out. I didn't need to come up for air.

I looked up at his heaving chest, sheened with sweat, and his face, beautiful and composed except for sudden

moments when his eyebrows drew together and he whimpered like a puppy having a bad dream. At those moments his cock would give a little serk.

He pulled me off at last. My mouth and throat were so full of spittle and bitter semen that it ran like slag over my chin. Thick ropes of mucous were strung from my lips to his big soft cock.

He put my head on his shoulder and held it there while he recovered. The sweeping fluids ran from the corner of my mouth onto his chest and down to his crotch.

Straining my eyes to one aide, Isawa reflection of my body in one of the mirrors, still frozen in the cocono il (ight. Where my head had been, only dariness I felt a dizzy fear, but it was muted by the dim light, the unaccountable sensation of freedom, and the memory of his cock. Vaguely, I knew that tear would serve no purpose. My only hope was to trust him. At last he coend his eyes. He saw that I was looking at my

At last he opened his eyes. He saw that I was looking at my abandoned body "It's true," he said softly "You're not crazy, It's no illusion You're here, your body is there. It's one of the things I do "He

took a deep breath. My head rose and fell on his chest like a

cork on a wave "You can handle it, Bill, I knew when I first saw you Depete the simband on the left. Despite the heavy come-on. You know how to give a man what he wants. How to give in, even if he's handing you go you pain, degrating your go. Well this is what heart, All! This is what turns me on. I'm going to do what I want will you. You we got no choice.

The room whirled around—weightlessness again—then settled Michael was standing over me, big cock slick and half-hard above my face. He had placed my head on the chair, I could smell steamy sweet, where his ass and thighs

had rested on the wood

It well help." he said, "if you think of it as another man's body." He walked to the center of the room and chried the headless body immobilized there I glanced around, the headless body immobilized there I glanced around, the SI saw my body in all four mirrors, in the round There was no bloody stump where my need should be—only the smooth, natural depression made my collarations.

It was a beautiful body, I had to admit I suppose anyons who has seen his body harden and fill out from hard work becomes a narcissist It was crazy, something was wrong in my head that I could look at it and feel detachment. At the

time, I did not realize that. I was where Michael had put me. Some strange psychic zone

That body turned me on The harriesanes showed off my muscles, as Michael had said it would. Everything looked sarger, fuller Especially my pees, big mounds of steek muscle. The rupples, normally burned in swirts of hair, shood out from the edges like conex, begging to be four-field. And my cock and baller—harriess and channed—they looked unbelieveably hope, but not commanding, exposed and vulnerable Do it. It begoes sixehild have to see it creat it went it.

Michael stooped and took hold of the glowing blue hoop on the floor. He did not pull it up and over my shoulders, but sideways, through my legs, as if the hoop were nothing but tight.

"Yeah, another man's body." he crooned "Hairless and nude." He flicked one of the erect nepties. The body flinched, He circled around. "Fartisatic ass. I like the way the tan line frames those buris." He slid a fingertip over the crack. I saw my cheeks tipflien—and felt II—in a way—far off. A ghost sensation, the way an amputee might feet a lost limb. Like being in tow places at once.

He stood beside the handculfed body and looked in my eyes. He lifted one arm at the elbow, eyes locked with mine, and grabbed one of the hartless intoples between finger and thumb, pulled down until the captive body was forced to

"A slave's body, Bill. A big hunky stud in handcuffs. How shall we use him? We can do anything we want. Things you haven't dreamed of "

Michael took two tit clamps from the box on the floor. I groaned inside when I saw them. He had chosen the broad metal ones with powerful springs and teeth like electrical clamps. The ones I used only on my most advanced and laded partners, and then only as a severe punishment. Michael approached my body. It stood relaxed, unsuspect-Ing. He squeezed my pecs and kneeded my nipples, until 1 saw my stomach draw taut and my chest rise in silent offenna

Michael smiled. He placed one open clamp over my right

nipple Let it snap shut. Far away, I could feet the sharp teeth penetrate my flesh. I saw my body jerk wildly, tugging at the handcuffs, trying to retrest. But Michael slipped a finger into the chain dangling from my balls and held my body in check. He watched my chest spaem and writhe, touched his lingers to the knotted muscles in my arms and belly. Then he attached the second

clamp. My body twisted so violently the cock chain snapped from Michael's knuckle I watched the body stumble to its knees, scramble up and stagger blindly into one of the mirrors. crazy with pain

Michael picked up the riding crop and walked with long slow strides to my crouching, trembling body. He raised the leather high above his head and sisshed it across my shoulders

My body jerked, spun, rolled away-staggered to its feet. tripped over my pants on the floor, rose desperately, ran itno a wall-turned and took a defensive stance, hiding its sting-Ing shoulders against the wall. Tits clamped and cock hard. I could not understand that-not vet.

Michael followed slowly and stood a few feet from the cowering victim. He looked at the crop. Looked at my chest, muscles in high relief, tense with pain. He touched the crop to my shaft. My body flinched. Michael squeezed his rising cock. Then he raised the crop and laid it backhanded across my stomach.

I saw my body double over and run, reeling with pain and confusion, trying to escape. Michael followd it patiently around the room, taking his time, stroking his thick white

cock and wielding the crop. Like a hunter, exhausting his trapped game. Playing with me. As last the pain-wracked body collapsed kneeling in the

center of the room. Shoulders against the floor, heavingass thrust in the air

Michael stood over the broken slave body. He slowly masterbated as he beat my ass with that damned crop, blow after blow, until the pale buns were red and blistered

Michael discarded the crop, grabbed my body by the clamps and forced it to stand. In the reflections I could see every mark, the long red stripes across my shoulders, the back of my legs, my stomach. My cock-a slave's cock, rock hard after the beating. Veins pounding, slit dripping fluid, I suddenly knew why-the body craved it-but so did my head, watching, crazy with excitement at the spectacle. Two places at once. Masochistic victim, and sadistic observer of my own humilistion, wanting more.

Michael played with the clamps-twisted, pulled the hard flat muscles into sharp peaks, and watched my body twitch and heave. He pulled the clamps off, one at a time, and tossed them away. He caressed my body, watching the skin writhe

when his fingertips brushed over the tender stripes He cocked his head and flashed me a cryptic smile. "Good slave body Takes it well Ready for whatever's next. Shall I fuck it?

He rubbed his hard cock against mine. "Sure. Give him what he wants. But do it my way

He hooked his finger through the dangling cock choker

and pulled it taut. Tighter and tighter. The chain sank in to the gathered flesh, my cock bulged until I thought the skin would burst. I knew what was about to happen, and my mind plummeted deeper into the numb stupor that was its only protection

Michael licked his free hand. His salivs seemed to glow with blue light. He worked his wet finger mysteriously. around my cock and balls. I saw his lips move, as if he were whispering inaudibly. The thin chain flashed with blue flame

-Then the chain slipped through. He dropped it quickly and raised his hand to lift my genitals free. He held the nine inch shaft by the ballsack in his right hand. In its place was a smooth hairless swelling of flesh between my leas.

Again I tried to screem, though I knew it was hopeless. "I said, don't twist your face up like that," he growled, He swung the disembodied cock and slapped me across the face with it It stung sharply. My eyes welled with tears, making the candialit room awim and sparkle

My mind was sinking I longed for unconsciousness. But his voice pulled me back

"It'll stay hard," he said. He was rubbing thick lubricant over my cock. A dim sensation of pleasure somewhere below me. "All the energy of the spell holding you is focussed in your cock, like a powerful conductor But I have a warning for you When you come-when your cock eraculates-you'll break the spell You will stay in whatever condition you're in at that instant So unless you want to stay in three pleces, you'd better hold aff." He smiled, and slid my cock through his fist "Of course, you won't have much control.

He returned to my body and gave it a whack with the cock, wielded like a dildo, across the thigh. It jumped like a startled

He dug the nails of his left hand into my right nipple, pulled the body, headless, sexless, up onto tiptoes. He stepped forward and rubbed his cockhead against the denuded stump where my cock had been. My body responded instantly-thighs parted, hips rocking back and forth The

body rubbed its groin against the blunt tip of Michael's cock. He bent at the knees, lowering his cock and breaking the contact. And my body followed blindly. Dropped off tiptoes. The harriess grown sank down and searched for Muchael's cock, found it, rubbed itself on the silky know. Humping, like a bitch in heat

Michael folded smoothly to his knees, settled his ass on his ankles. His hard cock pointing up like a missile. The handcuffed body spread its knees and squatted deeply, craving more contact

Michael ticked his middle finger and rubbed the tip over the sleek spot between my tags. My body, squatting, awayed back and forth, barely kept its balance. Once again, I sensed what was to happen. The unbelievable. The unthinkable

There was no sign of an opening in the place where my genitals had been Just a bald swelling, like the ball of a shoulder. But as I watched, Micahel slowly, gradually buried his finger in the flesh. He began to slide it in and out. My body begged for more

He turned his head, shot me a quick glance. His face was slack, lips parted. Eyes flashing with triumph. As if to say: See what I can make you into? See how badly you want it?

As he finger-fucked me, he reached around with his right hand and began to push the cock-my cock-into my squatting ass. The nine inches all the way to the balls in one shove

He preseed his palm over the crack to hold it in My hips squirmed on his finger, pushed back onto my cock. Michael removed the finger, and my groin tried to follow, ready to abandon the cock up its for more of his hand

Again, I could see no opening there But when he grabbed my tit to pull my body forward and down, his cockhead slipped inside. And my body squatted deeper, desperate for it, until Michael's thick shaft was com-

pletely swallowed Michael grasped and rolled his big shoulders with pleasure. Closed his eyes and hissed inaudible obscenities. Or

And my body-the body he had handcuffed, beaten, clamped-decapitated, emasculated-subjected to something unapeakable and inhuman-it rode his fat cock, rode the shaft he held up its ass. Mindless but hungry More a whore than a slave. More animal than human. A creature of dark magic. His creation

I was thankful that body had no head. It gave me a way to

fool myself. To say that it was not me

There was a sudden phost sensation, more vivid than the others-a flash-as if I felt my cockhead rubbing sgainst his, deep inside my bowels. It joied me, like two charged wires touching. I felt leverish. The lights dimmed

For a long tim emy consciousness came and went. My eyes would flicker open, glimpse grappling bodies, hear Micahel's sex-charged groans. Scenes in the mirrors. Michael's beautiful ass, fucking wildly, my legs wrapped tight around his hips-Michael on his back on the bed, my body on its knees above him, fucking itself on his cock while he pulled on my tits-My body, shoulders on the bed. Michael standing



between my drawn back legs fucking with long strokes while he used my hard cock like a blacklack, across my stomach and chest

After a long blackness, I felt Michael's hand slapping me awake I opened my eyes and saw a cock before my face. But not Michael's cock A bigger, coarser instrument knotted with thick veins and streaked with rectal mucous. My throat filled with fresh saliva. I opened my mouth-

-then realized it was my cock held before me. I closed my mouth, recoiling from the insanity of it.

"Go ahead " I heard Michael's voice above me "It's not as pretty as mine, but it'll give you what you need. Go ahead What's wrong? Don't wanna taste shit? Come on, you've made plenty of guys suck it after you've screwed 'em. Besides, it's your shit, man

Hooked hard at the cock, I had seen it in mirrors of course. even in photographs. But now I saw it as my slaves had. Huge and pulsing, inches from my tips. And I knew why men had grovelled for it. Knew the power that made them crave it I opened my mouth and moaned silently

Michael laughed and shoved it down my throat Rammed it in and out, the way I would have I discovered how it feltexactly how it felt. I remember the riding crop trick in New York-the hot afternoon with the sixpack when I fied his face to my crotch and kept my cock down his throat for four hours-coming, pissing, coming, pissing. Now I knew why four hours had not been enough for that cocksucker.

I telt pleasure in my cock as I sucked. Almost like 69'ing sucking and being sucked. Two places at once

I squeezed my throat around the huge dick, milking it. savoring the pleasure I was giving and receiving. Then

Michael spoke Remember, Bill When it shoots, the spell breaks. And if that happens while you're still in pieces-there's nothing I can do to put you together again." He kept sliding it in and

out my throat My blood froze I stopped the undulations in my throat,

stiffened

"Come on, Bill " His voice was low and evil. "Your cock's close Been close for hours. The balls are way up in the sack Come on," he teased, ramming II hard and fast, "make it come. Work your throat like a good cocksucker. Don't you wanna know how it feels when you shoot in some guy's mouth? Must be good-I bet they always come back for more. Don't you wanna taste your own come?'

I looked up at him and pleaded with my eyes. He kept sliding the big dong in and out-I felt it expand, the way I

always do when I'm on the verge-

I clamped my teeth down on it, hard, to stop the stroking Michael laughed "Okay, I believe you," He whipped the spit-streaked plunger from my throat and tosaed it on the floor I heard it land with a heavy thud, and felt ghost pain in my balls

He picked up my head and carried it to the center of the room. My body was lying on its side on the floor, exhausted Michael squatted placed my head on my shoulders. Wet his fingers with glowing blue saliva and stroked the connection I felt warmth flow from my neck to my chest, my hips, my

legs Thank god, whole again-simost

I spent a few minutes coughing and swallowing convulsively, cleraring the Juices that clogged my throat Michael undid the handcuffs and pulled me to my feet. My legs were shaky, there was pain evarywhere. But it was wonderful to feel anything beneath my neck

Michael stretched and yawned "Shit, I'm beat," he sald "Been fucking you for hours, baby." He pinched one of my nipples, making me throw my head back in pain "Came in you twice while you were out. Once in your ass, and oncewell, you saw Think I'll take a shower and get to bed."

"But-" I looked at my cock on the floor and quickly looked away "Oh yeah," Michael said "That Go shead and take it It's

YOUR My chest knotted with horror "Please," I whispered

"What did you say? I couldn't hear you." I lowered my eyes-caught a glimpse of the bare flesh

beween my thighs-shut my eyes tight "Oh please, Michael Let me have it back. Oh please, for God's sake-

I felt a heavy slap across my face. Knew it wasn't his hand His deep voice above me. "That's no way to beg

I kep my eyes shut. "Get on your knees and beg with your mouth."

I knelt and took his soft meat between my lips. My face was wet with tears

"Make me come again, Bill It won't be easy. Three times is usually my limit. Show me how good you are. Show me how good you suck cock. Make me come, and I'lt let you have it back. That is--if you don't shoot first." Slick flesh on flesh above my head. He was holding my hard cock and stroking it.

I sucked, and fried to think of nothing but his cock. He had taken me back to my days as a novice, before I had made my muscles like steel and gained the confidence to give orders made me regress to the days when it had been my role to give poleasure to other men. When a night of sex meant I would suck and crawl and say thank you when I was punished. I had never thought that any man could reduce me to that again

Slowly, slowly it hardened, until the beer bottle thickness gorged my throat it was not so easy this time I choked. gagged, felt my lungs collapse, dry heaved-but I never let go. Forced my throat onto him over and over, strangling myself

'Better than your cock, isn't it. Bill?'

Yes, he was right. His cock, so thick, so flawless, it was He began to moan and twist. He was close I was going to

make it Then he pulled out. Held my face off, fought off his

orgasm. "Not yet," he whispered, "not yet." He tortured me that way I brought him close over and over.

sucking desperately, using every trick I could remember Then pull out Make me start over. All the while working my

'Think about it," he crooned. "WHat happens if I make you shoot first. You'll be what you are now, forever. Might not be so bad." He reached down and stroked a finger over my sexiess groin. An incredible flash of pleasure, unearthly 1 jerked back and whimpered around his shaft

"You'd be my slave, Bill Really my slave. You've been playing that game for years, but this is real I d own you-or own your cock, which is the same thing. You'd be mine. You could never show yourself to another man like that Have to come crawling to me for sex. Maybe I'd be in the mood Maybe not. And you've seen the kind of games I like to glav

With that nightmare in my head, I sucked cock like I had never sucked before Gave him my last ounce of energy Worshipped him like the primal force he was. Sucked and sucked

and sucked-

-And finally heard his roar above me. Felt his meat stiffen and pump. Tasted bitter semen-and at the same instant, my hips began to terk I was coming, in response to him Too. iete-

Then felt his hands on my crotch-blue fire-

-And when it was over, I was whole again. Michael pulled out his shaft with a pop and collapsed onto his throng, chest heaving. He looked worn out and happy I was topo drained even to hate him. He made me stay on my knees. Just as well I was too exhausted to stand. He forced me to lick my come from the floor. Made me kiss his feet

I looked up at him. After long minutes I caught my breath The numbness seeped out of my head Wrecked as I was, !

had to ask something.

"Michael, what you did-what you do... I don't know what it's called, don't know if it has a name...But what...what-"Something you're born with," he said "There are others. I've met three in my lifetime, heard of more. We keep our distance from one another. Don't get ideas about learning it I've studied, learned the ancient laws, found new ways to focus my power But either you have it-and know it-or you don't I knew that you didn't when I first saw you. The tan is a giveaway. You like sunlight far too much. I can treach it I can only share it."

He pushed his big toe into my mouth "So if you ever want it again, you know where to come. You'd be crazy to ask for it. though I like danger. The possibilities—the games—are limitless. Sooner or later ...

He pulled his toe from my mouth and pushed my face to the floor with his foot. "Now get out. I'm fired of you.

I staggered naked to my room. It was dark outside I must have spent eight hours in his room. I closed the door and crawled into bed. I saw the leather strap on my right arm. I wanted to put it back on my left, but I was afraid he would know somehow

I heard Michael in the hallway, then in the shower. He was singing happily, basso profundo, as I dropped off to sleep. Sunday moring I woke up sore and stiff. My ass ached and there was a filngering fire in my groin. I hoped he had not damaged me inside. The marks he had put all over my body stung beneath the sheet. My tits were raw, My arms ached My Isw ached

I stared at the celling and thought about the night. Pervesely, my cock began to harden

There was a knock at the door I stiffened with fear, "Who is

"Oh, Come in " I pulled the sheet up to hide my chest She entered with a tray of food, "Michael said you were under the weather today I thought I'd bring you something

Thanks Just set it on the dresser I li eat it later " Okay You do look pale," she said maternally. Then she looked puzzled and frowned I saw that she was looking at my armband, on the right now Or was it my hairless arms? "Well," she said, "I'll check on you later. Call if you

need..." Her voice traved off

I ate the poached eggs and soup she had brought I noticed that my pants and wooden locker were by the bed. Michael must have returned them I cringed to think he had been in the room while I slept I totaled to the bathroom to put pintment on my wells and

take a long, painful crap It felt like I was shitting my guts out. There was blood, but not enough to worry me. Then I returned to my room and slept like a dead man till dusk

Later in the evening I went to the bathroom again-dry heaving this time. As I was leaving I heard someone in the hallway I could not bear to see Michael again I cracked the

door and looked out from the darkness of the bathroom It was Michael's blond friend, Carl. The regular visitor who used to live in my room. Who had no interest in me. Whose pants seemed to have no bulge at the crotch. He was wearing a tank top. His tanned arms and chest looked smooth and hadless

I went back to my room and tried to stay there. But I had to

I crept up the stairs to the trapdoor Heart pounding, I opened it a few inches, turned my head sideways and peered

Michael was seated in his throne. He was wearing only his while tank top, stretched tight across his peca and loose over his flat stomach. His half-hard cock rested like a club on the chair between his Ihighs

The blond was kneeling naked before Michael, back to me "Not tonight, Carl. I'm bushed " "Pleas, Michael I need it Now So bad It's been so long.

He was rubbing his hands between his legs shamelessly "I said not tonight " Michael's voice was hard

The man leaned forward and licked Michael's cock with long strokes. He was sobbing "Hell, stright," Michael grumbled. He rose and walked to a

dresser fat cock swaying. He opened a drawer and took out something wrapped in blue silk. "Just a simple round Ionight," he said. He returned to the kneeling blond and unwarpped the

object. It looked like a big slick dildo. I knew it was not "Stand up and face me, stupid, Carl stood and turned I could see his front now I saw the

smooth, sexless flesh between his legs I closed the trapdoor, ever so slowly. The blood pounding

in my head sounded like thunder

do. But I have never returned

That night, under cover of darkness, I moved my things out of the house on Beauchamp Street and went to a motel Occasionally I have felt an urge to see Michael again-a glimpse of his broad shoulders, from a safe distance, would



# BY LEN HARRINGTO

It was dark, but his pen-flashlight was sufficient enough to light his way. Quietly, Danny looked around the apartment, Just to make sure no one was there asleep - hiding. He checked the bedroom, Empty. A door to another room was locked. He couldn't quite figure out what the room was, but

Damn! This is easier than the last one, Danny thought and commenced to scurry about, looking in drawers, a jewelry box, and stuffing anything that might be of value inside the knapsack he held

At the bedroom closet he reached up for a shoebox, certain that it contained the more important pieces of jewelry the owner didn't wish to leave out in the open. But as he brought plus a small pile of magazines, came tumbling down upon him. Shit!" he exclaimed and started to clean up the mess. But the naked men caught his eye. The handsome faces, the enticing poses, the sleek bodies. Danny paused and caught his breath. Not thinking, he flicked on the bedside lamp in order to better see the discovery. He brought the magazines over to the bed and started flipping the pages, "These," he whistled,

'weren't bought on the newstand The sexual acts were tik numerous, timenous tikemind boggling even for a man at the streets become and fucking twosomes, threesomes and man to the art ware any thing it consisted of chairs a later from had to past at the fist fucking and golden showers that sprayed on and in

The win my vicens.

The more Danny read, the shore entermining, excited be became fire you and the proof before the single my constant has been seen as good influent part of the constant of the didn't notice the duor opening and users.

"Who the fuck are you?" the man shouts them are spen

Surprised, Danny shot up from the bed, lost his balance and fell backward. Before he had a chance to recover, the man "Please, mister, the terr to 1. 1 stee to pend 1

I d.dn't mean to

"Shut the fuck up!" the mid as and mar undered. Non't give me your bullshit, Yer treen't to rob me, aren't you?" "No no' I swear

Danny was abrupt stopped by a rest han slapping his too. He could smell the liquor on the man's breath and switch gring pays cross the almost bandsome taco. The male gropped his wrists "You goddamo theying pricks think you can get away with this shit anytime you want. Buncha no good "No. Listen," Danny croaked. "This is the first time

"Well, maybe it "I be your last"

Danny fraze. The rone of some was a restering. The words kept repeating in his and we a death sentence. "Let he strugged under the time and let me got let me Letme go Angrily, the abartment and grabte, he has by the neck and brought non-close (1) is ket " each ya fle started shaking the small frame mang t back and forth, the wing

"What's your name kid, the mail demanded as he threw Danny over "ith his o...k By now Danny was in a stupor but could feel the buttons give way on his shirt as it was being rioped from his tors at He told the main as he got a good look at him, He appeared the simewhere in his late thinness; dark with coal black heir, and eves to match. His face was pockmarked and a deep scar traveled from his ear to law

"I'm Al," he spat, "but you can call me ser!"

Danny's pants were next to go his shoes and finally his shorts were ripped off him. Remarkably, during this entire t me he had kept his thick hard-on, "So you like it," Al grinned and took a firm grip on the cock. He squeezed harder and harder Danny was in agony and tried pushing at the fist "Stop" Stop:" he cried out.

"I'll stop," Al spat and yanked him to his feet. He pushed him across the room toward the closet. Then he grabbed Danny's arms behind his back. Danny could feel the spap of cold metal around his wrists. He was twirled around to face the man and slapped across the face again, "Now, bitch, you

'Listen, Al . . . " he started to whine

Al dug his fingers into the side of his neck and gripped Danny's collar-bone, forcing him to his knees. "Do you

That's better " Al smiled for the first time. He let go and moved his hands to the zipper of his pants, Danny's eyes widened as Al quickly produced the hairlest cock Danny had

the skin and he almost gagged over the urine smell Wider and wider Danny's mouth opened as the cock entered him a little are time as if AI were taunting him with the thick tool. Then the agressor held firmly to the back of his head and shoved. Danne choked and gagged as his mouth

Yeah, man, Al ground, as eyes closed, head falling back on his shoulders as if in some hypnotic trance. "Jeeze, Eat it - ooh good - mmmmmm . . ." He started to ram in and out of the mouth with electric speed. Danny tried to strongle free to to see his man, I fe in the rough prick which pounded his cheeks and hattered his gollet. But it was use-

Abruptly A extracted his prick, took hold of it and started to slap Danry - on the face with it. '. he it' he laughed as the boy winced with the and tool ships king his

"Ye . . . yes," Danie, save in, Yes, what?"

'Yes . Sir."

"That's became kay "tch Get up " he grabbed Danity by the arm and started to ead no it if a harraim

In second Dismission of down the hallway to the locked door. At product a proceed a door and opened to Inside the room of the second was a find that if for The room was barren except to the antique are consisting of wood and chains and ropes and there is already there to delight the man and some state in the arm of the with.

As and bed him. Done noticed the chairs and puller and chairs and clasped a chairs both ess raised them and clasped a chair to both ess raised them and clasped a chair to both ess. He and trapper a comment of the property of the p ned on by all of this Yet, he was also apprehensive about the part to he had ever seen in his life and the about the or of the had ever seen in his life and the subrator At held in his hand. It was huge floring and thick deeply serned with numerous bumps beginning just be nw

the head and getting larger as they extended down the shaft Al stood above him, his big prick dangling in front of Danny's upside-down face. The boy could barely make out the dildo and the grease Al was applying to it. He couldn't see the man reach between his spread legs, but he could feel the cool dong as it was moved up and down his crack.

'Know what's comin' dontcha bud." Al chortled.

"Listen, man," Danny started. "I can't
"Man?!" Al shouted and pressed the dildo at his asshole where it immediately started to spread open the puckered

"Sir . . . SIR," Danny cried out. "I . . . agh . . . PLEASE!" "Please, what?" Al demanded and slowly inched the rubber dong inside, stretching Danny until his hole was five inches in diameter, "Please let you suck my cock? Please let you

"NO - NO," Danny kept repeating, trying to struggle from the chains that held him "Just relax you stupid cunt!" Al commanded, "This prick's

going all the way in — then I'm switching it on and yer gonna suck my wang. Get it?!"
"Wha . . . Danny started but quickly found his mouth full "Wha . . ." Danny started but quickly found his mouth full of Al's cock. He started to suck — hard - anything to offset the agony he was feeling. But the more he sucked, the more the vibrator was shoved up his ass. He could feel every yein,

"Ahh — ooh — that's good sucking kid, That's it — yea — all of it." He moved forward, "Get under there and lick those balls — ooh — nice." Soon, Al was vibrating with the juicy mouth working him over. Danny winced as the rest of the

dildo's ten inches was shoved inside him. But by then he was

starting to get used to it Al flicked on a switch and Danny froze momentarily. The dildo wasn't just vibrating. It was moving in and out of him, fucking him and with each thrust a small electrical shock swept through his body It hurt, but the pain couldn't combowels, the tingling in his balls, making them contract with

what Danny was feeling. He left the imbedded dildo and turned around, producing a small key from the wide leather

one hand and ramming his prick past Danny's lips with the other. Then he grasped the boy's head with both hands and back and forth, in and out with lightning speed. "Jesus shit goddarnn - suck that . . . fuckin' Christ! Lick it! Lick it!

Danny was in a stupor. Hanging from the ceiling, bent at the waist between Al's legs, a ten inch electrified, fucking he closed his eyes and let it all happen. He licked at Al's shaft The large hairy sac of nuts pressed against him and he eagerly

took both in his mouth tonguing and sixing an I sucking Again Al turned around, still holding Danny between his legs. He bent over until his ass was completely exposed to Danny's face, "Eat it! Suck it! Get in there and rim the hell

Danny inhaled the heady aroma and plunged his mouth between the asscheeks. To get more leverage, he reached up electrical thrills making his cock jump with each spark, He encircled Al's asshole with his lips and began to suck with such intensity, that his master groaned and swooned with

"Gees," he moaned, "More! More! Don't stop! Ahh . . He peered at Danny's prick and started licking at it. The ass Al sucked on him. His head was reeling. The fucking and sucking he was getting was too much. He plunged his own tongue past the puckered lips of Al's asshole
"Great, bud, great," he spoke and licked at Danny's cock

'Yeah, yeah" Danny slurred. His balls were tingling from more than the slight electrical shock of the vibrator. He was

By now Al was too engrossed with his slave's mouth to care





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going wild with these sensations and lathered Al's rear with all the spit he had. Then he took a chance. Still holding onto a hip with one hand, he inched the other toward the ass crack.

Slowly he inserted a finger.

"Oooh - mmm," Al moaned. He grabbed hold of his own cock and started beating his meat. Then Danny inserted a second finger. "Hey, bud!" Al said. "I don't take no shit up

"Sure, sure," Danny said but kept his fingers where they were. "Hold me up," he told Al The man let go of his own cock, reached beneath him and grasped Danny's sides. Then Danny took hold of the man's big cock and started to stroke it. In moments, Al was hotter than ever, He started sucking the boy's cock again. Danny stroked faster and faster, Al sucked harder and harder. Danny's two fingers started pushing in and out of Al's wet asshole. This time he made no protest. Danny even thought he backed up a little to take even more

Both males were sweating from every pore in their body. Their heated up frustration intensified by the second Danny jacked off Al like lightning gripping the prick harder and harder. He was rough and Al liked it. He started squeezing the man's balls. A third and fourth finger slipped inside the

Al was not protesting. His lips and teeth ate and scraped Danny's cock! With one hand he reached to grip and squeeze

the sac of nuts.

The sex partners were delirious, neither could hold out much longer Danny's mind flashed from the pleasure up his ass to the pleasure at his crotch. Al was going insane, choking himself on the long stiff organ, needing to swallow the jism -feeling the strong fingers jack him off, squeezing his balls the other fingers splitting open his asshole. He didn't want to wasn't impossible since he had four fingers and a thumb inside

him up to their knuckles

Jees - pooch - Christ," Danny cried out, his body wrigging then tensing, wrigging then tensing "Shit - piss". I'm . . . "He tensed his body, feeling the vibrator go wild up h's ass as he shot the first wad of cream deep into Al's throat. His own fist jacked the man even faster. The second, third shots left him. His fingers plunged even deeper up Al's

ass, pressing against the prostate gland
"Holy shittitt," Al slurged the cum as his own elaculation started - shooting out and landing all over Danny's belly and

Both kept exclaiming as each cum seemed to never end. All kept sucking, Danny kept jacking. Each was determined his partner wouldn't have any left. In minutes, neither one did.

Later, Danny was lowered to the floor, the ceiling chains still attached to his ankles. Al had to get a couple beers and Danny lay there, examining his torso and the bruises which were beginning to develop in various areas. His ankles were smarting somewhat from the pressure that had been put upon then, but all of this was unimportant compared to the excitement he had experienced just minutes before. Al had taken him through one of the most memorable times he ever had The apartment owner returned and handed Danny a beer Both took ong swallows and sat staring at each other

"How ye feel n " Al grinned at the boy "F ne." Danny returned but had to Danny returned, but had to reach down to rub

"So, you're a pro, huh? You make a avin' rippin' off shit?"

"What!" Al scowled, knowing a lie when he heard it 'Okay okay," Danny gave n "Yes yes, I do."

That's what I thought' Al relaxed, then started to augh. "After all it takes one to know one."
"Huh?" Danny looked at him, holding his breath momentarily, "You mean.

"Uh hh," Al said. "But I've decided to retire; too risky in my old age. Know what I mean? Reflexes aren't as sharp as before — not as fast. Need someone to do it for me. A real sharpy who can double as my slave."

"What?" Danny frowned, realizing what Al had in mind. "Listen, bud, I'm a solo all the . . . "Abruptly, he was stopped as Al rose above him and started to pour his beer over Danny's

body. "Hey! Stop it, stop ..."
"Don't talk shit to me, bitch!" Al told him. "You liked what we just did. Now yer goma need it because nothing else is going to satisfy you!" He reached down and started ese is going to sais! You tell the princing Danny's tits. "Right? Right?"
"Yes, yes," the boy responded as he tried to escape the

That's better," Al said. "But I think you should be con-vinced I mean business," With this he unlocked the chains from around Danny's ankles and started to drag the how across the room. Before he knew what was happening. Danny's upper torso

Before he knew what was happening. Danny's upper forso was bent over a rather high, leather covered table. Attached to each leg was a single chain length handraff. First his legs were spread and attached at the anticles. "Don't," he started know-ing fels well what was going to happen "Listen" I'll do it! I'll do what you want! Only, don't....."

"Shut up!" Al spat. On the wall were various wooden paddles - some large, some small, with and without holes, a few with studs in various sizes and shapes. He took one down and whacked Danny across the ass.

In shock, Danny made no sound, just held his broath.

But as he continued, the cries lessened.

"Love it, don't ya'?" Al demanded.

"Ye . . . yes . . ." Danny had to respond. His ass was soon

numb. His cock was rock hard Quickly, Al moved behind his captive. He pointed his

"Oooh," danny moaned as the cock invaded his dry hole It hurt but by now he wanted it inside him. His senses were

he wouldn't be able to stop him

Al's breathing increased as his upper torso lay over his captive. With a grunt he imbedded the bowels with 10 inches. Without waiting he started ramming in and out of the tender butt which had minutes before been fucked by the electric dildo. He reached beneath Danny with both hands and grab bed the boy's cock and balls. With each thrust of his own prick he squeezed Danny's nuts harder and harder. With each thrust he squeezed Danny's cock harder and harder, bending it, digging his nails into the loose skin and the tender piss

'Yer my salve, aren't vah," Al gasped into Danny's ear, each word puncuated by a hard thrust or ncreased manipula-

tion at the boy's groin
"Ye yes," Danny responded, his own breathing becoming more excited, eratic as it was forced out by the heavy body atop him

"Yer gonna do as I say, aren't yah?" "Love .t, don't .

··YE "You'll never get away . "

"Ye ... no!

"Ye...no:
"Don't ever think you will, bitch, whore! I know a cop
in this precinct...ha, ha! I fuck him every Wensday. He'll
bust your ass with one phone call from me, understand
"Yes..." Danny answered. "Shit – fuck! I'm gonna
shoot."

'Christ!" Al cried out too. "I'm gonna fill yer asshole with my burning shit! He hammered at Danny's rear, grinding his crotch, scraping I with the coarse black hair In a split second Danny was shoot no his usin beneath the

his bowels that sent shockwaves throughout his body, staving "Take it, bitch

Oooh, yeah . oohh "Yes, master," Danny spoke voluntarily, meaning it this

Al extracated his prick from the receptive asshole. He released Danny and they both lay on the floor - too ex-

hausted to move. Minutes later, Danny got up.

"Hey!" Al said "Where you going"."
Danny turned around. "To bed, I'm pooped you old

"Hey, listen," Al grinned up at him. "How about doing the cowboy bit tomorrow night?"



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Bert, had slept in the other guest room in Afred's cottage, while his companions, had returned to the village during the night. Jim and I were spiping our second cups of coffee when my uncle came out to Join us, these dressed in an old pair of war was wearing a pair of hard a thick belt of browth loather, he was wearing a pair of hard a thick belt of browth loather, he was wearing a pair of hard a thick belt of browth country, but his expression suddenly hardened and the hand he had extended coward me drooped to his sides. He was sparing a Jim. "My

My uncle's sudden shift attention suffeed the warm rise of accument. If left lat first sight of him. Of all them rise of accument, and the late of the sight and sudden rise. Best around the dispest, most intrust complex of motions. He had instructed me on SiM. versibly, both in democratic control of the similar control of the warms I control of this with basing. I couldn't even nesure exactly how that our blood realisitionship required, Jim hadrif amwered him, and Bert remained pound in his posture of shocked surjects, the dark't) Anadosine features created with a works.

"You should have seen him a couple of days ago," I said to all the you'? If forgotten that my uncle had no way of knowing what had happened in his house. The worst of the swelling bout Jim's mouth had gone down, but one eye was partly dosed and the bruses were turning a naxty yellow-great very seen and the bruses were turning an axty yellow-great turning and the bruses were turning and the b

"Sit down and I'll tell you the whole story," Jim said antiently. Absently, Bert patted my shoulder, never taking his eyes

comments are always and the second a

Bert's departure. My uncle listened without speaking or breakbert's departure. My uncle listened without speaking or breaktion of the speaking of the speaking of breaking or breakwhere! Lame into the speaking of the speaking of the additional details, each of us adding our own evaluation. "The bastards!" Bert whispered "The rotten foot of the Butt., you haven't are used what they were hooking foot?"

"Just Charies tale about levels," I replied "jewts" Beet gatured helpitally, "I rever had any jewels," and if they were as well informed as in coviously were, they danned well knew it!" Another thought permed to strict danned well knew it!" Another thought permed to serie and his deep brown eyes seemed to search my faze - intentily, for sweral provine yes seemed to search my faze - intentily, for sweral my face - intentily, for sweral my faze - intentil, for sweral my faze - int

"That's all," Jim said simply

I sensed some secondary meaning in this exchange, possibly a guarded communication that I wasni' supposed to understand. Whatever it was, I knew better than to ask. Bert leaned back in his chair, almost relieved, although Jim was still recounting the damage and lose of his furnishings. My uncle stopped him with a ware of his hand "Everything's Insured." He said. "The Important point is that both of your are still."

He'd looked first at Jim, then at me as he said this, and I was sure he meant to include us both in his statement of concern. Jim went to the stove and started to prepare Bert's

De consisted vact in the second processing t

of moving some firewood closer to the back door.
"I wonder," Bert said thoughtfully, "... wonder if there could be some connection ... what happened in London and

this nonsense at the castle .
"I'd thought the same thing," I added quickly.

Bert continued to concentrate for several seconds more, shook his head and forced a smile as he glanced up at me. "Can't be," he said at length, "I can't see any possible con-

Alfred came in shortly after this, carrying an armload of wood for the kitchen stove. Crisp, cold air billowed in around him and in the daylight be seemed more his old self. "Ah!" he exclaimed brightly. "Did all of you sleep well?"

As well as could be expected," Bert replied dryly

"Nothing," my uncle assured him, "Until I see this ghost for myself, I'm afraid I shall have to remain a bit skeptical,"

"The castle has long been rumored to have its ghosts," Afferd said, the long said have lose it along too before the said of the said of the said of the said of the up to the table and set it between Bert and jim." I can to long only what I have seen," he began with a sigh, "run of the said of the said of the said of the said of the time, as you know. I have heard and seen strange things been been said to said the said of the said of the original of the said of the said of the said of the plained in some other manner. Not until the two experiences all of us. "Both with the tourists and with the borty trad night in the bacement, I know I saw something." what, I am not more some their long said of the said of the said of proposed to the said of the said of the said of proposed to the said of the said of the said of said of said of the said of the said of said said of said sa

"But before that," I asked, "what would you have said to a ghost being in the castle? I mean, were the things you thought you heard or saw — were these enough to make you feel there

Afferd pressed his hos together, looking at each of us in turn. I had the feeling he didn't want to speak if any of ut were going to laugh at him. Reassured by our serious capters soons, he continued "Let us say, these were the first it mis became aware of something when there were or them of the heart of the same of the same of the same of the three have been. I things, sounds, shadows where there should have been no shadows." He spread his hands and ground. "Who us to say! I have always refused to believe, an



now" I Jun't know " he added softly I rust dan t know

slowly. "As you know, the castle was built by a bishop who lived during the time of great wars... when Jeanne d'Arc was leading the armies of Charles against the English. This was an probably no more instructed in the rites of his office than have been a little over a hundred years ago - he did away with

According to local legend, the young bishop was a verunpleasant man. He maintained a small army, and he brutal their other obligations . . . servile labor and so forth. As a peaceful assemblage, to deliver a petition which the old

The villagers waited about until nightfall. But it was

"Didn't this ... shost ever bother Ludwig?" I asked.

I will full the king in his meditions and it is a with the specter and to walk the walk with him a maje the line

extremely a linear section of people aspect they are more the Dentises of Linear possible twenty largest

people that where we have we have we have be a first of the document of the do

It was late in the afternoon when Kurt arrived with Edgar same aura of sexuality I remembered. We had parted on a memory in their wake. I had been anticipating his arrival, and

Much to n chaggio Kert's face emained now se mis expression was stern, his gray-blue eyes appraising me with a cold. Unical lack of emotion the had showed to jet track hair to grow a little longer than it had been the previous sum-

After pointedly greeting the others first, Kurt acknowledged

my physical closeness to Jim during the night. I had gone the attraction I might feel for another. Now, as Edgar's fingers

I don't know if Edgar was aware of the effect his touch had upon me. If he did, there was no sign of recognition in I would have guessed his age to be about the same as my His face was almost craggy, his eyes so dark and wide-spread despite the baggy ofive-brown jumpsuit which effectively

concealed his potentials
I felt as if I had just awakened, and I was aware, suddenly,

The only discordant note was Kurt's attitude I sat at the

Edgar squared his shoulders. "I would prefer not to speculate just yet," he said. His voice was low and deep, rumbling

I listened to Jim, who was the firmest skeptic. "There

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of place that we full and a surching for. There are a lot a man, Encounter Cluis, Glory Hole of

in place where QUR people for the place where the people for the peo

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tions I would have inside the gloomy halls of Mad Ludwig's

was most surprise, by Bert, who expressed a strangely "objective" attitude. At least, that was how he termed it.

Mr. Harris already noted," he Saled. "I don't take to admit being foolilly no supersitution, but I'm not game to discount and the sale of pened over the past twelve to fifteen years. I've been with several of the foremost authorities if you can call them that - when they have been requested to investigate This has

"And you will not find one here," Kurt muttered, "There has been a spirit in this castle since five hundred years. He

it has only now decided to appear again."

lim started to argue with him, and they were soon deeply at the contact. As before, if he had been aware of my in-voluntary response he did nothing to acknowledge it. He

I was getting bored with the whole scene by this time. visualize how it would be to play M to Edgar's S. I cast my events with my present companion in the place of Kurt. I

But it didn't work. At first I tried to tell myself that Edgar didn't fit, it was only later I realized the lack was in myself Defeated after several attempts. I surfaced mentally into the untenable in the bright light of day, I thought. I wondered I had been . . . drained of the sexual fust which had driven me

I had formed these images so many times over the past several months, it had become almost automatic with me . . Even the recollection of Kurt's first contact, when he had crept up on me in the darkness and seized my wrist - secured the one remaining extremity and turned my masturbatory fantasy into reality even this did not provoke the usual stir within my groin Instead, I found I was casting back to the hated it, struggled and fought against it. Now the thoughts

I saw again the form of my tormentor, recalled the heavy power of his bilds arm missies rising to pressaga instithe skin when his langers closed and at mis-balls it when he moved me from one position for another. The pain of his intestral and usage—the yearing agains—his massive close plunging

form was nebulous and when I tried to see him clearly he assumed the aspect of the other man, I tried to place myself was able to do it. I could imagine the dominance of either man - of Edgar or of Charlie; but the genuine experience sires. I put him into the setting of the blackroom and actually closed my eyes in the effort to feel again the mastery I had

always refused to acknowledge it. Now the meaning came to me, awkward and still unwanted. I groove on being M when I

whose tacitum appearances made it inconceivable that they uncle and found the suggestion impossible to reconcile . . . outrageous, verging on sacrilege. Yet the unwanted image remained. As I continued to stare in unfocused perception of the others, I found I was trying to put each of them Into the role of supplicant. With myself as master it didn't work. reason. I simply didn't know what he'd look like without been as the master, there had been that one time when the body. I had seen him strapped and chained, compelled to kneel and to go through the ritual of forced submission. I placed him in the blackroom and I pictured Charlie standing I wasn't used to playing out my fantasies as a voyeur, That

receding level of desire. That was a bummer, but it's over ... past. The Old Mon took care of it ...

was smiling, laughing at my daydreaming . . . long, thick fingers only a couple of inches from the swollen evidence of

erotic wanderings. "We were attempting to solicit your opinion," Bert re-

Edgar's hand had remained on my leg, warm and heavy

"How do you feel about it?" he asked

# CASTRO

456 Castro

SAN FRANCISCO

A Leather/Levi Bar



# HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL TWO BITS A V

#### BLASINSA

W.M. 31, 5 11", 160 lbs., body

SOUTH ALABAMA REDNECK

HOT LEATHER

#### ARKANSAS

#### CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO AREA - Well put

with heavy experience looking for complete Leather and toy collec-

# WANTED BOYISH

Francisco area lumber iack type.

Aquanus, 52 S 11 190 lbs white

Must be obedient and eager to

#### SAS BREWTHESES ASS GAMES Spread eagled, maybe tied down

use it Box 1277

#### The envelope Put your return address on the envelope if you want the letter DROMINER

Ciry State-Zip

I declare that I am over 21 yrs old and that the data in my ad is in no way responsible for any transactions between

# SORN TO SERVE This w/m bottom, 31, 5 10" 160, cut

orders WS, ass eating and other hot raunchy games. Please Sir break me in and use me as you possible to Clay Randall, P.O. Box

M 40. 5'10".

SAN FRANCISCO 32, white dog slave seeking to be collaredter/Lover No heavy S&M. dope Photo & phone to Ken 540 O Farrel SI #605, San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER size 11 feet to step on slave

SAN FRANCISCO W/M, 6', 152 lbs. 34. 8 5" Hard, into having my cum /piss stained jock sucked

SAN FRANCISCO, W/M 31, 5'11" r/Levi, Fantasias phone other

#### WANTED

W/M, Hot young (18-35) Topmen into B&D S&M W/S, Levis Leather Jocks, Master-Slave Games, face-sitting fucking, ass encounters tim a good ooking w/m 46, 5, 185 lbs., with trim beard and blue eyes, send photo. Box

BEARDED OR MOUSTACHED 140 lbs , bearded and have no age or race restrictions. Write Horst Box 10155

W/M, masourine, husky hunk 49 wants macho stude near my size, 30 nia bodybuilders, cowboys legthermen, stc. reply to Box 170.

properly prepared will be destroyed

ITALIAN, 28, 510°, 170 lbs., Hairy Chost, Very Attractive inexponenced ooking for a top man for FF, Didoes Your place, Phone S.R., 8467 Van Nuys Blvd #361, Van Nuys, CA 91401

Nuys, CA 91401
SAN FRANCISCO —S/M, 41, 6"11", 175 lbs., white, 8" cut, looking for some heavy scenes: Car endure much in either role and wants noncosonse partner who knows what he s doing if you're a man, work he over S&M, B&D, new ideas Dork, 825 Post Street, 4549, San

LOS ANGELES 40s, stocky herry body, shaved head wants bun warmers and warmees for long, reciprocal aparking, tit-pinching enemas, and more Prefer mature, clean pon-smokers who of rather do than falls about it, want to expand

Imits for both os us. Box 708

S/M SAN FRANCISCO
Looking for biker or leatherman for

4244, San Francisco, CA 9410: HARDASS UNRULY CANINE MUTT WANTED

with thick, uncut dockmeat, hotboiling low-hangin', cum-illiad nuits by Black honchus fustin' to col ar/leash, break/tain as boolday follet stave animal Need bool/cock+hungry, pisa-thresty water bool bool house have been been been been water bool bool water b

prompt reply Box 988

OAKLAND. Need your cock and balls bound and fortured? I am the one who can do it for you write with details and photo to Box 19055. Oak and Ca 94510

NORWALKS looking for 18-30 who to willing to serve and can take what dish out 1 am 23, \$16", 1251bs. Box

THREEWAYS/GROUP SEX San Francisco Obedient's ave and his hunky Master looking for hot lev/leather studs into threeways and group sex Wall noupped tox

SF. BLACK LEATHER/BOOTS
Moscu line S w/m, 34, 5111, 136
by, dressed in full leather, Joke
hot and smels good if you are a
eender w/m under 34, like good
music, a firm hand, a hard cock
have a job, then get on your fucking
knees and w/te Dont expect a
florg reply from me, I went to meet
you instand. Absolutely no flatsb,
errer stupples or hard drugs. Box

ASS-KISSING, boot-licking sexy stud, 6:11", 170 lbs., mld 30's likes to take crap from blond beast brutes who think they are King-Sh t-On Box 132?

Whipping Sessions wanted with teather/uniform men. Have expendence both as bound cocksucking slave and as booted heavy whip we der I am uncut, thick cock for heavy sucking Age 36, 175 lbs 6 bearded Box 841

LATRINE DUTY
San Francisco bottom, 36, 63°, 165
lbs., 899' uncuri, locking for white
beirgut leather master for foliet
initiation, use me as a latime, pisssoaked jocks sucked dry, also into
levis and leather, bondage shaving,
recycled beer from cheesy uncur
cocks 8to \$50.0000.

PIGS WANTED

San Franciaco Two hot pig
farmera both w/m S 37, 58\*, 140
Ibs., 7\* cut M 40, 5\*11\*, 155 Ibs., 6\*
cut Have sty, toys FFA, WS, enemas, bis, ass eating and other
games Photo gets photo Write
Troy Box 37/10.1.5 F. CA 94131 No

SF is that you, boddy? Is you dock extra-ince; you, boddy? Is you dock extra-ince; extra-ince; if you're ever been tool "it's too big." If you're ever been tool "it's too big." If you're ever been tool "it's too big. extra inception of the property of th

SAN FRANCISCO: Particular Master 32 seeks 19-22 leather levis & barefoot type for bottom role in light S&M sex, travelling companion into butdoors activities, possible S role toward 3rd parties with master-

HOT HORNEY
HAIRY HUNKY HUNG
A AREA 48 59 179 lbs brown
air blue eyes 8 1 uncut Into light
BAB Docks, teather WS TF,
JO fantary trips Open to more
aw scense Will asswer with phones
aw scense Will asswer with phones

HOY & READY IN L.A.
Scandana in rian 13 versatile viety amel bats 2 n.2 spokings Enjoy a ways and grups a society eather kits drease out 2011 3,000 and 5 in the and another the second another the second another the second another the second and another the second another the second another the second and another the second another th

31, 5'7" 130 (bs. w/m looking for

not olasy uninnegrae guys enjoy must enjoy mutual play Am mostify Mas ler but can switch with right person or play both simutaneously. Into SAM BUD W.S. scat Leather we and raunchy Lews and jock straps outdoor scenes, exhibitionist Active Fr. to give receive or both Spankings, winpprings, books, some rubber Resdy to explore any other experiences. Box 162

WANTED!

BIG MATURE TITS! P O Box 69 Desert Hot Springs ( 92240

SAN FRANCISCO Mester w. 25.
511" 180 lbs., visiting Frisco heat
summer limited free mines of the
mine proteing do not withing stee
into proteing do not withing stee
into proteing stee to show me the
SAM, C&B restraint from the the
city by day and at night submit to
bondage NO drugs, fats fern, scal.
If too much body harr, if will have to
come off Send photo: Box 633.

DRUMBEATS HEATS EM ALLI A DRUMBEAT AD GLTS FAST RESULTS SAN FRANCISCO MASTER, 41, 5'9", 140 lbs. experienced in bondage, FF, WS, boots, S&M Respectful of limits, willing to experiment. Fully equipped game

com Box. 287

SAN PRANCISCO Jot bearing on the process of the proc

SLAVE DANNY
LOS ANGELES AREA, I am more
beautiful in bondage liss in if reedom, and I will submit to torfures
piercing, shaking, photography to
you, Sir, or to groups, I need a Master to be pleased with and proud of

me Box 35
Super-hol, goodlooking, hung
young stud seeks other S studs for
challenges in top position Travel to
S F, NYC, and Chicago often it an
a master who is into other masters
Men who can handle competion
are welcome 25.6 165 to derk
bionde moustache. 8' cut For the
hottest Tip the hottest Box 674
ARIZONA STUD TRAVELS for hot

ARIZONA STUD TRAVELS to no scenes. 8', blk/prin, bearded crew-cut, hung, wim, 30's. 185 the Seek topmen to meter out heavy bizarre punishment, meatotionm and other CP877 as well as othe aem-ultimate trips, including deep utilities. The best practitione will eventually get if all Reply with phone please to Boxholder, P.O. phone please to Boxholder, P.O.

S/M CIGAR SEX

Hot, masculine w/m, 28, smokes and turns on to cigars. Gets into light B&D, TT, VA, Leather LA area preferred, but will answer all. Box 134

Selective Sadist requires muscular masochast. Object mutual satisfaction Ma. w/m 38, 61°, 1908 a uncut, inventive. You ready for new adventures. Photo please. Box 817

ONOVILLE, 34, 6, 180 lbs brownfbrown, looking for misster who loves leather as I do fee! small, laste, sight I need hum sation, WS. hot I/O, feel small of warm/hol leather scat and pas I need the right man W.R. F. adler, Rt. 2 Box. 2488 Crowlle CA 92488.

SAN FRANCISCO NOT \$, 30, 410°, 150 lbs, 8.4°, looking for young intelligent mecho bootlecking cocksucking stave into tit torure. 8.80, FF, WS, or anything elei order Applications will be considered with photo. Ken Box 86°.

Tough hard, beer-drinking, ergarsmoking, foul mouthed dirt dude with rank armorts stimey asshore and a cruddy uncut cock wears greasy rotten, stinking boots, socks jooks t-shirts, favis and eather. Digs spitting pressing, shirteather. Digs spitting pressing, shirt-

mud tools, rubbers and oil Box 294V8
SAN FRANCISCO M, 55W, 140 lbs, 40 new to leather world speks w/m, 25-40 to show the way Must respect limits, no scat sheying or

w/m. 25-40 to show the way. Must respect limits, no scat shaving or pretring Box 783

CHAIN ME UP

For the weekend Don't let me see your face. Shave my head before your face.

your face. Shave my need before you hood me Cover my heaved bell-marked body with piss & hot was Given me nothing to est but piess & cum (maybe even my own). I need a magnative Master who respects my timits. San Francisco. 44 6, 170 ibs. w/m Box 540.

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER to

work you over Harry, bearcal, conception of the property of the conception of the control of the conpetition of the control of the conpetition of the control of the conpetition of the control of

LOS ANGELES. M hot young animal—w/m, 25 5'1" 155 be Wants wild leather/lev stud to take this punk to the I mit in S/M, B/D, Wax Cuffs. Coffars and Heavy GR Come work this punks ass. Box 997
SAN FRANCISCO MASTER, wents

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER, went submissive slave to lake 8/0 for fure. C/B toffure Master is 8/3 20 for some size of the same size

SF BAY AREA - 27, white blondribue new to leather scene like to watch the action Let me watch you make it work make me a convert Box A47.

RASSLIN'/FIGHTIN'
Fightin Topman, 28, strong very
hairy, and MEAN thinks S.F. tons

haliny, and MEAN thinks SF tops are cockiess wimps straid to put her sases on the line in an all-outher sample No-hod-berred feet in a cookies with a sample No-hod-berred feet in a cookies and or fast. Send challenges, photos to Box 816A.

DRIMMED S

HOLLYWOOD

M 44, 5'615", 130 lbs., willing to try anything with the right Master Profer S/M, 35-55 in leather levi.

LOS ANGELES, M. w/m. 34, 57\*

LEATHER TEDDY BEAR Clean cut, All American, blond guy tionally The bear is 33 5'11", 180 area but relocation possible

want a hot, no-holds-barred Am bored with "green horns"! Hope the right hunk will contact me. Prefer Macho Blacks or Espanol

S/M, HOT Handsome experienced leather master seeks lugather man to serve fil his hole with mastersulice and Then submit - a respectful letter of

BLACK MAN 40 5'7" 128 lbs. looking for man

recent photo with letter detaining Experienced San Francisco slave.

in bondage and booticking.

LOS ANGELES AREA SOUTH Goodlooking, 38, frim and hot. Experienced moustached, barSCATMAN LOADED

for sloppy pig out scene Get stoned with hot good tooking built well-packed buns. Box 1895 495 Etns St. S.F. 94102

SAN FRANCISCO, Muscular Big tive rear (FFA questionable), must dage, dildoes, piss up your butt, Customers, "Bay Area Daddy Send photo & frank letter will prompt reply Kent, PO Box 5171,

SAN FRANCISCO-w/m, 32, slim tr m beard, 6'2", 180 lbs., m but can be versalve, new to scene, willing to

LOS ANGELES slave, 43, 6° 165 lbs., with large C/B's digs receiving C/BT work S&M leather/levis, etc.

SAN FRANCISCO BOTTOM

I love leather wet suits, hoods David L., P.O. Box 2544. Sen Fran-cisco. CA 94126

38. 65", 185 lbs , 61/2" uncut, black heir mustache, wants stave with beard or musiache who does a and servitude, into 8&D, TT, CB1 fats, feme, olds. Send pic to Box

I LIKE LEATHER! also like lev-s, boots, and ? Am well-built, male As an An emperor does not expect to repest an order, neither do I I you are a guy interested in the S&W scene and like leather, too, let's get logether Send a recent picture of

GERONTOPHILES et at Corrupt early 50s, articulate tongue, kind but ruthless, even if it care Knowledge of autohypnosis

> ARROGANT abusive Master (W. 32.

5'11", 186 lbs , beard) and his per-5'9", 180 lbs, beard) invite meetings and correspondence with pigs, latrines, Tops, bottoms, voyeurs, exhibitionists, and adventurours. animals to explore all extremes

LOOKING FOR NICE PEOPLE who

Applications for full-time honest not afraid of hard work long hours, and heavy pain when treat you right Mail photo itsl of 955 Oak St San Francisco CA

FX-RANCH HAND loves horsemen cowboys, troopers

years if you are in authority write

SAN FRANCISCO, SM. 33, 5'8' tits cock and ass to their prope use Skip the bull shit forget the

SF LEATHER STUD Big Master wents your tight ass &

ness and how to please need only respond Must have facial hair and

SAN DIEGO, Top 40 6 1" 195 lbs

SAN DIEGO MEN! Two men, 38 and 39 seek contact No fats, fems. No non-smokers

TWO MUSCULAR TITMEN into giving and receiving bit trainscenes considered Private, iso-

PALM SPRINGS M, 34,6'2" 180 bs desires S who is dominant in mind as well as body. LOS ANGELES, S 45 5'6 135 bs or muscular man under 55 white

W/m slave 33 5'11 . 150 lbs . 7" cut trim beard and moustache

and need to be brought to my knees in service Bob 256 S. Robertson.

38 needs B&D slave 21-35, for total servitude. Must like TT, Whips Heavy Bondage etc. Live-in possible for right stave. Have well equipped play room -send photo and trank letter to Sir John 742 MD. Castro St. San Francisco CA.

LOS ANGELES. I dig licking your cum. Am 38, 57', 140 lbs bod Will fulfill any lantesy Box

WANTED

Stave to receive mild B&D torture Any age, any size ok German & ok Box A35

WHAT IS RUBBER? Rubber shirt rubber parts with

Hairy guy into raunchy jock straps. WS and heavy eather D gs having 32 Photo in jock strap and legther iscket a must. Box 987

SAN FRANCISCO w/m, 41, 61, 170 lbs. wants action not talk FF (10p), SENSATIONAL AND FREE

County, Los Angeles . Write your thing till phone or reply . Box 1366, Don't miss this super

THE TOILEY \$1 Flushes an application \$3 Flushes a Tissue Samp e \$10 Fusheses a Full Roll with or without Douglass St., San Francisco, CA

SAN FRANCISCO Invein full time.
21-38. Prefer short, muscular
21-38. Prefer short, muscular
blond, bui i you are of convence
board, trauning, hard work, fewer
privileges. You will be ranged,
Must work out in guy regularly dist,
no emoking lo develop into top
quality material. You'd ecotions will
rende good care. Sarve several
masters. Ded cated only Call (415)
box 1000, Pag. Jah. William
Box

JAPANESE MARTIAL

BIT TIPET

and Karate Teacher, M 30,577 140
lbs., Seeks goodlooking W/M lover
with tame interests and alestyle
Also into Zen BB, Leather and
Good say Sincers and discreen

only, Write with photo Box 1387

PERMANENT MASTER NEEDED

BY obedient aleve, w/m, 35, well
experienced in B&D S&M have
well equipped play-room and
well experienced and sale with a
Mission's pleasure - please Sr senoroders (with photo-chanis you, Sir)
to Max, 74290 Castro, San Franciaco, CA 94134

CIRCO CA 96119.

LOOKING FOR YOUNG NOT MEN WHO NEED \$\$\$, Seeking men to serve as Host for visitors to L.A area. Must have place for visitor to seep. Peys well (see our act coming to California) Send 2 photos one nude or shirlless with info about your solf to Steven & Frends. P.O Sex 59146. NOTWELL, CA. 90650

LOS ANGELES, A muscular, chubby thicknest masquine, dark, chubby thicknest masquine, dark, black man shout 50, is beautiful erobic to me Affectionate Greek ective WM. 39, 617; 175 bis seeks relationship. I'm bearded blue-ective WM. 39, 617; 175 bis seeks relationship. I'm bearded blue-ective WM. 39, 617; 175 bis seeks relationship. I'm bearded blue-ective MM. 1910; 1910

WANTED TO HIRE 
GOOD BOTTOMS 
Private Gub needs husby hardworking dedicated bottoms to 
work nights as lowel boy, shineboy, pool boy, attendant or anything we fail you to do Servis obeainfly the hortest man in Jown at 
respectfully to 415,7864-3877 dawn
or 415/884-7466 laws Be humble.

MARIN COUPLE
bot 45 seek sleve without firmits
Must scrender — without firmits
Must scrender — without probable
to be con a red weight
for a shaved fucked passed on
passed in, placed humilisted,
degraded and then just possibly
oved Serlous only, no fantasies
Will answer all replies with photo
encoused Box 679

ATHLETIC BLOND L.A., 6'3", 180 lbs 38, masculine, hot rear seeks slim/skinny buddy 18-28, no beard Box 6085t M, L.A., CA 90060

LOS ANGELES AREA; W/M, 5'6" 128 lbs., 28, Hot Seeks patient master for training novice. Must respect limits. I dearre to serve. No psin or drugs. Exchange photos, ideas.

NICE YOUNG MAN looking for open minded creative friends. For friendship—no limits—no hang ups. Steve (213) 863-5818

ups. Steve (213) 803-9618

Training, Controlled Behavior.
Slippery Dick, Novice, cut/uncut
hot, used-ok Proper request to Sir.
Box 1103, Los Angeles CA 90065

KENNEL MASTER NEEDED by dog-slave, 35, for obedience training. Turn me into your DOG Box 1378

Box 1378

SAN FRANCISCO PASSIVE W/M, greek, 51, 5'8' Seeks active greek with place to submit my slim body clad in pantee, stc. for you to lie, whip use tit clamps and teach me the joys of CSB work, being FFG, and piercing P O Box 6285, San Francisco, CA 94101

On Master OF LEATHER
DON MASTER OF LEATHER
DON MASTER OF LEATHER
DOVERNOUS BENDER OF LEATHER
DOVERNOUS BENDER OF LEATHER
DOVERNOUS BENDER OF LEATHER
DOVERNOUS BENDER OF LEATHER
DOVERNOUS BENDER

COMING TO CALIFORNIA? Need a place to stay and someone to show you around Well for \$250 a day you will get a price to stay and a nice young man to show you the stay and a nice young man to show you the aights. Some meals are covered in that price. Send \$2.00 for more 10 Box 50 Sevent & Freinds Policy of the stay of t

HOT SLAVE NEEDS STRICT MASTER

AND TERM STATE THE STATE STATE

SAN FRANCISCO HANDSOME NOVICE, 27, needs help learning the joys of SAM pleasure Am5107, very hairy, husby lbuid, 8" cut, novice Wanl 25-35 experienced 5'10" or over, caring patient teacher preliarried Blond, brown syes LEAN . Box 1289

SAN FRANCISCO ASS EATER W/M, 39, 5107, 140 lbs., wants to worship moustached or bearded Topmen s cocks, balls & azzholes under his toilel seel. No age, weight or race restrictions. Box 1344

HOT & HORNY

young white male looking for goo times & hot action. Prefer 25-4 web built man who knows how t give it & love to take it I'm 23,5 10' good built and versatite I like no people and hot times. If you want great time, bend your picture. Bo

OAKLAND W/M, 42, 5'7", 185 lbs.
Army Officer looking for slave inte
B&D and/or S&M. Willing to cousider live-in for room, board & allo
wance Prefer under 25 caucasian
only, clean shaven Respect limits

only, clean shaven. Respect Limits No fems. Fals. Box 1342.

SAN FRANCISCO M, Scorpio young 50s, bearded, looking for S 30s, or older, experienced and interested in exploring list, easistipping. CSB restriance and related action with a view to meeting regulation.

30s, or older, experienced and interested in exploring bits, assistinging, C&B restaints and remain action with a very formed and seeing where we can go without Innig together I am 62° and 190 tos like to be dominated by short, with yelpes who text to do it is seen to be a seeing the comment of the commen

MOT YOUNG MAN LICENSED and bonded will prepare your tax returns. Mail your short forms and W2's with \$5.00 to Gary Johnson 13031 San Antonio Dr Suite 115 Norwalls. CA 90650 and your filled out return will be mailed back within 7 days.

HOT HUNG & HAIRLESS TOP Young blonde tooking for hairy hemen into wreating jockstraps , o scenes and Hot achon. Can tiget enough. Box 1322

MASTER JOHN
TALL 64 handsome aggressive soft spoken Man with 5 f a most complete workroom looking for siender dudes into full 58M action Must be clean, melligent and anxious to

serve a reasonable but demanding top man For interview send description and phone number 803 403

SAN LUIS OBISPO AREA Leo bottom 26 (lk 21) 58.9" 125

Leo bondom 40 (x 21) 58.6 12; Ibs., brn/brn, 616 cut, big balls Need to be bound in leather & ropes into B&D light S&M C&B/FitWork.toys Scat FF, Piercing or Injury Rural setting a plus Box 1408

AM 6'4", Brown hair, Blue eyes Moustached, 190 lbs , I've modeled tooking for warm contact Brain sho Body Box 1413

# DENVER COWSOY

pds Leather/Levi Master x 18595 Denver CO 80218

Loves to be bottom: fifte all forms of sex and enjoy if most out of doors. Am 33 5 8" 150 lbs Wellbuilt men 20-45 who fixe head jobs and hard fucking write Box A25 Notats.

DENVER, COLORADO W/M, 45, 6
175 tbs. Submissive Male seeks
messings with other males who
enjoy Bondage Race and age
unimportant 1 have a desire to
please. No drugs or pain, will
answer all who send picture and
phone number Box 1409

#### CONNECTICUT

NEW HAVEN
26 6° 170 lbs br/br beard seeks
introduction, guidance to rubber
scenes Prefer older bearded,
paunchy, avuncular Corresponderts only okay complete discra-

SM, 45, 6 3", 190 lbs, 8" cut, wellused ass. looking for tall, well built, well hung studs. Box 965 RASSLIN' Young hot, muscular stud, 5 7",

Young hot, muscular stud, 5.7' 140 lbs. seeks jocks for rasslin Box B28

EXPERIENCED LEATHER
MASTER

Zawes Those who want a dominent Zawes Those who want a dominent Bastier into Leather Bondage and many other interesting saxual soenes Send me your application. Acceptable applicant will be trained to explore hew advantures if you are experienced serior me your proprietation also. Sox 437 STAMFOAD & will bulk whip

requires total obed-ence. Have 9%" to forcested your mouth or ass. Only interested in real men over 20 80x 579.

MUSCLEMEN ONLY

HANDSOME broad shouldered, havy men with large broaps and hard pees up for weekling, massage and friendship with goodlooking broads young man with alimsem in security oung man with alimsem in security and range St. New Haven CT 06511

ATT AND THE PROPERTY OF THE PR

Box 1412

HARTFORD, 35, W/M 5.6", 135
Ibs beeks w/m any age for fatherson type discip nie. Make ma submit to bare-assed spankings across

#### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

NEED TO BE CONTROLLED?

S 51 165 lbs will trainslave any age with good body. film burst Masculine looks a must Box 704 WASHINGTON, DC AREA, M 35 111, 180 lbs .30" w, white 8 run ner/weightfilter Well-built, sean muscular interested in similar 5to.

MD, DC, VA ereas
Two Bodybuilders—S, 671, 178
lbs 36, 79, M, 611, 175 lbs, 32
8"—both well built into S&M, bondage discipline heavy tit work hot masculine guys Interested in one-on-one, three-ways or groups
Reply with photo if possible and

WASHINGTON DC AREA W/m, 40, 5°11°, 175 lbs., bi/bl, seeks w/m partner 25°40 with facility for D&D, snemas Can travel Wash —NY No lats, drugs scat photo requested P O Box 23867. Wash DC 2002

#### FLORIDA

Want to eat from your dog bow and feel your riding crop. It you nauncut thick cock, hanging balls, a hairy ass for me to eat from end you are very strict in your demands please contact me 1 am 39, 510°, 184, ba., 8° uncut Box 735.

TRAVELING TO ST PETE A WEST COAST AREA W/M 30. Hairy body, oupped beard 155 lbs, 5°Er, would like lo contact knisy men into WS. Tit worship FF and or mid S&M or B&O Am an imaginative person. Will be in area late March and April. Write now so I will have enough time to reply Your photo gets mine Box 840.

MIAM), Two SM Men want to meet others seriously interested in the idea of mental physical and spirituals set improvement through Bondago Discliptines and vanous acts of humiliation Only those who homestry wish to explore this idea need reply PO Box 851038, Miemi FL 33165

FT. LAUDERDALE Masculing imaginative, dominant Maste seeks together studs into FF. WS blondson SAM C&BF perceng shaving, for 3-way with in-house stave Can administer heavy discount but no permanent damage on Scat Demanding but considerate Am 46 165 b. cut with big better and big hand so Boa 258

3% Fire. 3, 100 restree black stop 35, 57°. 30 bbs creev-old, construction worker heavy-hung, dray masculi re only humpy service buddes for long hot leather sessions. No falls old men etc You get my attention if you are into leather leaves, books bales, cugars aromatic Am dominant and aggressive etc. Am dominant and aggressive thinks and demand ravel on Submit qualifications and photo to Box 31° black and sensitive thore and photo to Box 31° black and sensitive thore and photo to Box 31° black and sensitive thore and photo to Box 31° black and sensitive thore and photo to Box 31° black and sensitive thore and photo to Box 31° black and sensitive the sensitive three and photo to Box 31° black and sensitive three and photo to Box 31° black and sensitive three and photo to Box 31° black and sensitive three sensitive three

NOT AGVENTURES IN PRABABLES Local 85 m. transpirated 8 an Franciscan, offers not Key West action of qualified visions hard-bodied hard-headed, hard-playing 35-year-old welloomes other adventurous studie into exploring and collections of the development of the studies will be a supported by the studies of the studies of

Planning a visit to pared se? Heply (with photo if possible) to Box 792

SM Praces
36, 5'8, 165 to; we but white 8', knowledgeable esprainced a both roles to go as far as patient's experience permits. Partner should be used built but no fate fame. Should be used built but no fate fame.

REO-NECK FIGHTER
Muscular young gladvator save into a litypes of fighting wresting boxing, etc. Tough well-built fighters send challenges photos to Bud "Macsite" Becher, cro. 5280 N E 6th Avenue #B, Ft Lauderdale FL

TALLAHASSEE w/m, 24 5'9", 165 bs , wants to be trained to serve a master's needs L/L, uniforms, harnesses Box 474

MIAMI, w/m, 42, 510°, 160 lbs bind/blu Show off your tough hard body with this goodlooking raunch Man. Into workout mates: mirror JO Plas worship Sweat Heavy dido and Enema action sought and given Tender young guys expertly laught now to be min. Wife.

HARY MACHO MEN
If you re into funkly hot, sweety sex
and are hary rugged rough masters write me and telf me what you
would do to me. This good slave
can travel and can receive. Also
specializing to WS S&M, B&O, cmming. Fr and Gr with Mr Right Box.

Altracities, stable, Intelligent man, may 30% within his been explored and 10% within his been explored stabilities and the man of mid. 30% for homes continuing well-are discharged and the man of mid. 30% for homes continuing well-are discharged and the man of the

Muscular hairy stud, 6, 185 lbs, wants to correspond with motorcy-de cops and other MEN into same Only boot/breech/uniform enthusiasts into disciplined scenes need reply. Discretion assured Box

WEST PALM, W/M, 33, 5'8" 8'9" 200 fbs Seeks handsome Masquin hine and Muscular guys 22-31 to sex Inends, workouts Possible roommate Photo & Phone approciated Box 13'13.

Ft. Watton Beach W-M, 26, 5°10 135 lbs. Seeks other guys 18-22 Am looking for finends and possible more possible permanent relation ship not into SSM, B&D fems of fats Phone and Photo helipful. Bot 1375.

#### GEORGIA GEORGIA, GWM, Cancer 29 155

GEUNGIA, Gwm, Cancer 24 155
the 511 Blue eyes hery moustache good ooking active passive
rg r F 0 does three ways ver
saile Seeks like minded Robbie
98 Peachtree Place Warner Robins.
GA 31093

M 26 white, 5°, 10°, 147 lbs into rough fucking and list flucking, pass, S&M B&D, verbai abuse leather, levis boots. Seeks meetings or correspondence with aggressive Tops in USA Europe. Canada, Australia. No fems. scat scars, or blood. Box.

GETS FAST RESULTS

ATLANTA MS, Aquanus, 34, 5'8" 135 lbs., white, good body, level head, experienced. Looking for men over 25 into B&D, suspension tit workouts and similar action. Able to lake charge, but prefer not to Respect for limits assumed expension by mytual consent. Box 714.

#### ILLINOIS

CHICAGO RINGED M. 31, 611, 175 lbs. Needd Humiliston and buse from strong wifed cocky Master Into suspension bondage in the past public with the past public

MOT RAUNCHY SET 
MOT RAUNCHY SET 
Bondags fartage face-string unforma pass, still, seed pain frumforma pass, still, seed pain frumtorma pass, still, seed pain frumtorma pass, still, seed pain frumtorma pass, still, seed pain frumform formation of the pass of the pass
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CHICAGO SLAVE
W.M. 27 5.8. 165 lbs. will serve TV
or Master Take piss, cum in mouth
face sitting toe sucking any kink
Eat ass, suck cock Swallow all Box

WANTED: Writer needs input for story fellin." Der Fledermaus says my fiction facks authenticity—so teil me the S&M 'do's" and 'dont's' Brise O'Hera, 4921 W 95th St., Oak Lawn, It, 60453

Big young man, 21, 5°10° 234 libs.
birth looking for someone to teach
we S&M and anything that can be
enjoyable. Would like to learn how
to be a staye and Master Please
end phone and photo And let me
know what you went to beach and
pennas, 80x 18, Roxanne Trailer
Ct Carbondais It. 8290°
CHICAGG-FANYASY

CHICAGG-FANYASY

W/M 28, 511", 150 hs, Horny and Hot Looking for some to 28. Poppers, smoke, suck, fuck, J/o, FF, W/s, act/passive Single or couples Letter and photo to Brown 3423 W Drummend Ave., Chicago. IL 60647 CHICAGO w/m, 38, 5, 6'3" 180 lbs. 8" seeks friends/slaves 30 or over in good physical condition with leve head Box 894

HOT AS A PISTOL

Oncago hot as a patiol as student very handsome, 22 year old black B6, 5%\*, 125 lbs.; nr ght & tough Treed of the bat? Bath games? I'm into hot athletit, white guys who know hot bus hands and the guys who have hand a low ordering a nice body and torse my body as been a new body, a liberal and want to face with a man as it is supposed to be developed. I will be suffered to the supposed to be developed, as beral and want to face with a man as it is supposed to be developed. I will be suffered to the supposed to be developed. I will be suffered to the supposed to be developed. I will be suffered to the supposed to be developed to the supposed to be supposed to be supposed to be supposed to the supposed to be supposed to the sup

NEED HAIRY CHESTED SADIST CHICAGO to work me over in heavy scenes for mutual pleasure Cigar amoker a plus. Cock, balls tit percings. Fisting, Bal. Busting etc. 1 am. 61, 190 lbs. 37 years, with 8½" cock, in good shape. Box.

#### INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS M. 49, 5°10° 170 bil. 18, 8°15° Milla, insepter arced Writing, 8°15° Milla, insepter arced Writing and transfer and transf

GENERAL MAN WANTED
Back male, 22, 511", 138 amouth
body bright hee dooking sincere
give steen generous mar capable of
compassionate carrying and a position to offer hisp to a special
person, school future, will travel,
person, school future, will travel,
generally seems of the seems of the

#### IOWA

IOWA MASTER, 6 lean white seeks permanent save for complete physical & mental training naked bondage & submission Must be lean or muscular herriess in body and ready for slavery in mind Send photo apputation & phone to 8ox 979

#### KANSAS

KANSAS CITY MASTER, Affectionate Scorpio uncul 8". 5'8" 145 solid, prefer small slim white 20-40 Greek passive, Fr s/p, Liva in lover/save who needs to be owned, possessed for permanent resultionship—with no hang ups—Respect limits. Box 1318

## KENTUCKY

Lexington, S. 38, 511°, 175 lbs, experienced in atlacenes. All limits considered Must have firm body and have your head on If you are ready, write naw. Box 986 Lexington, KY 40588

#### LOUISIANA

MONROE, 33, white, 6', 175 lbs. seeks w/m, 25-40 Am primerily M into lather/son type discipline with bondage. Will assume S role for proper M Box 332

DRUMMER 61

#### MAINE

Want it to come true? Two bearded dudes from northern Maine woods

PORTLAND, SM couple seeks third Master is 6'1", slim, uncut and

#### MASSCHUSETTS

31 will serve all Dig poppers, jocks groups. No FF or scat. Write Boxholder Box 883. Methung MA

HIDE TANNING NEW ENGLAND. NW/M 5'9" 34 150 lbs seeks to tanners in search of new hide Box

CAPE CODE, S. 52, 8', Taurus 2009 well muscled, fough uncut. into B&D, W/S, shaving FF and all longed long-term service ing for a serious slave who craves

EXPERIENCED TOPMAN 46,59 160 bs .seeks\_/L partners over 26 Beards or moustaches a

BOSTON: Besided w.m. mid-30s til work w/s, ass work and lool cking Seeks men of same inter-ests. Willing to expand. Box 840

#### MARYLAND

BALTIMORE ANNAPOLIS AREA S, 38 5'10", 170 lbs Bearded hung, goodlooking, frm bul under ual sessions in equipped den. All scenes, other tops welcome to share saves Letters with choto gets answered Box 1410 White male 45 55 160 lbs

BALTIMORE or Washington DC

area SM (either role), Into L/L, WS CBT/T, B&D strep FFA, no scal Frequent visitor to Chicago, L.A. HAGERSTOWN, W/M, 35, 61", 170

NOVICE BALTIMORE AREA, M 5'11", 180 standing, experienced and knowleager to learn. Some US travel. Box

SALTIMORE AREA. M/S 58", 160

RUNNER BODY BUILDER DC-MD-VA, 37 5'11", 160, 30" warst Rugged well-built lean, if eratic Photo exchanged JW. Box 55029 Ft Wash PO Oxon

#### MICHIGAN

DETROIT W/M 47, 5'8", 175 lbs SM 8&D Solid and very hairy all lovs and can entertain and welme up and rape my ass or gang

DETROIT White hard-muscled both ends soak him in plas, and enjoy a beer as he worshink nur

BARN BOY NEEDS FARM KEEP in echange for labor Some farm. ragged clothes, gruel, filthy quar-ters sought Box 1377

METRO DETROIT Hot bearded top "DRUMMER" Ivon scanes I'm 31. to please and serve me Role switching possible for right stud

MICHIGAN BI MARRIED MEN'S /Pontisc area educated responsition assured and expected. Send

gan Tom Prot Tom Proctor, Box 104, Cass

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING White male 26, 5', 160 lbs , 8" into oral service Western types, feet will beg to serve well-endowed 123 Roseville, MI 48066 Photos

INTIMATE FRIENDSHIP YW8-M

TAYLOR, MS. Capricorn, 24 5 10" ROCHESTER, S 64,5'10", 160 lbs equipped dungeon seeks obedient slaves Willing to train submissive novices Into S&M B&D W/S, and more Write Robert 1030 Adams SOUTHFIELD, 46, 6, 160 lbs , Ger-man S, muscular, 7" uncul, seeks exploring and growing, with limits respected No drugs, fats, tems. Hairless body light physique a

MT CLEMENS AREA. w/m. 58 8"5", 180 lbs., looking for M 18-28 for Father/Son retationship. I want ment Box 1316

ANN ARBOR, W/M, 33 goodlook-

#### MINNESOTA

TOILET FACE SITTING MINNEAPLIS, SM. Yaurus, 31 5 11 7 bearded Bottom for piss &

Can also go top Write Al, Box 476.

MASTER WANTED Minneaplie White, 25-yr, hand some, masculine slave, 5'11' lbs., light brown hair, green eyes I am ready to serve -white-28 to 40 years stud I would prefer pnly tall, dark hairy muscular masters

MPLS. Would like to meet men who

WANTED UNCUT WHITE TOP MAN 40-70 Grizzled, mascuine white

#### MISSOURI

S MONK SEEKS DISCIPLE M Logither master will instruct volu using strict monastic obedience ST. LOUIS w/m. 6'1" 166 lbs. 8" ocks No scal or shaving. Any age, eager to expire Box 888

6" bodybuilder (180 lbs ) for servi-

Uncul, Cancerian Versatile, Hot heavy pain Enjoy worshiping a

#### NEBRASKA

Johnson RR Box 15 McLeon NE

Comhusker Maverick needs tamin' 5'4", reather-evil hornier than hell, like my sex rough and hard, need a good Master if you think you're man enough to break me Box 496

Master 56, 5 8" 150 lbs. Seeks stave 18-26, slim to learn and expand limits. Have toys for Cock

#### **NEW JERSEY** SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

NJ Only Novice, 32, 5 10", 135

MORRISTOWN, S. 41, 52, 190 bbs, white 7 cut, harpy bobbs, white properties of the sales of the s

CENTRAL JERSEY wirm 39, 8 ft, 175 hs tattood, bodybuilder, valler stud harrey rider with the teer years open contact and the student right with the teer years open contact and the student with the teer years withing save ages 150 has respected and expanded. No rapy without picture, which gats ritine Wirlet to P.O. Box 13. Frenchtown NJ 18875.

#### **NEW YORK**

MANHATTAN, Black man So saeks white, non fat a are wno so saeks white, non fat a are wno so will be southing one out, of the saeks wanting his lits tortured engoing having his mouth fucked and performing total oral service for my black cock regularly A guy who gives me his greatest asset he head to service, a legistrace Love

WORK MY BALLS OVER anyway 1 for Len carry Townsend's usered a cone. An experienced WM. 40, 511", 150 lbs. Moustached also into hipples and 5° Mutua scenes with real man animals possible Box 1368.

NEW YORK CITY W M 28 5 100 Ibs., Clean shaven Imaginative seeks to be controlled by a Dominant top I have a of to learn and would like to meet someone with sections and to 7 320 Rev 1370.

SEX-ageneriani m d-60 s white-ha rad, biye-eyed man of distinction type would serve muscular masculine mate of any age or race who anjoys imaginative games with order man. Will do almost anything for right partner. Box 290X

MANHATTAN, S. 35, 6'4", bloode Have 6'3" muscular slave, 30. Am accepting applications for second slave. Must submit to heavy S&M. B&D and video taping. If you are young muscular, and streative, send photo with qualifications at once. Box 873.

PIGGY RAUNCH

Versith FVC Chelson wim, Scorpan 33, 571, 109, "cut, for undbludge," seek leavy say play (F), is sharing lift, sch forture boots, and socks with real creative men into role switching. Willing to explore new realins. No overweights of alts Beards a plus. Include photo and score. Bluz. Finchude photo and score. Bluz. Finchude photo and score. Bluz. Finchude photo and

PUPPY SEEKS BULLDOG HOT ITAS sold bis, seeks beer-belied brutes who enjoy a butch dog colleted size who enjoy a butch dog colleted size seek stock, chanky, 57 to 510°, 180 to 225 lbs, dominants who groove on service Write with photo-returned—ID P O 80x3058 Oburch Street P D, NYC NY

OUEENS, NYC, mature M. scorpio bottom man, 5'7", 145 lbs., hairy body balid but bearded, seeks matura top Master for discipline and heavy librork, FF, WS, scat Jock straps, hairy bodies, black beards, stocky builds turn me on No role switching or skinny.

BUFFALO, w/m, 27, 5°, 185 lbs
7° uncut, SM, Aquanan seeks
Knowledgaab'e master into L/L,
who is respectful of lamits Am into
S&M B&O, et Master in bight
lasther tall polished boots and into
likes are sure turn on Are you
ready to train me? Send photo and
phone for promot reply Box

SUPER MEAVY SAM
Way out and wild S&M green to hot
young slave by brutal, wellequipped Master Real m's send
photo, age, experience to Box 12-R. c. o Room 603 147 West 42nd St.,
New York, NY 10038

BUFFALO. w/m, 42, 6"1½" 174 lbs. uniforms, feather, levis. Novice, but wants to learn. Will answer all traval. Box 215

WRESTLERS
STREET FIGHTERS
28,6'2 190, w/m Topman wants to
meet submissive young dudes into
no-ho ds-barred, L/L, lock, wreating, Also want to hear from other

LEATHER MASTER SADIST
3, 64", with 63" Muscular slave
abuses, brands, Chains, Dominates, Enslaves, Fists, ages, hardcul's Imobilizes, jams, kicks,
jambas, manhandles, neist, orders,
pierces, que'lls Ropes shaves, TorV&Z, eltractive youthly slaves
Submit Photo with detailed application Box 62".

HOUSEBOY FOR SALE
Will take care of your home. Need
owner with a strap who will seep me
naked, chained, and shaved. Use
me for Hard labor, abuse total toilet
and body service. Only serious
minded over 35. NY, CT, NJ, Box
1312.

NEW YORK W/M, 35 5/8", 160 lbs 6" cut, medium build, seeks help to reach 'ulfillment as slave. Need strict but understanding Master to bring out ability to serve with body and mind. Not into scat or injury 80x 80.

NYC, W/M, 30, well built muscular guy with hard dick sticking out havy chest, toll board sweatly jock and good body want to hung based body want to hung swarmly guy, or toll pants and over hanging belly 1 want to smell your crotch, feel by your ass, and nump my hard dick against your gut Box 1330.

NEW YORK CITY MASTER WANTED

by M 30 Generous call guy into boots uniform, N2 SS, SM B&B. Leather, way out varbal trips have good earnings want to share with big Husky man any age over 190 lbs. Must be man and street wise, cops-construction ok 9ox 1324

CAPITOL DISTRICT: W/M 34, 58 of 170 lbs beard thick mascular, and into rough reather six. Have slave who will be used in sessions. Write with photo Box BSS.

NEW YORK W/M 28 155 lbs 6.

orders and train my young Halian slave Send photo/phone box 1334 NOVICE BLOND MASTER

NOTICE BLOND MASTER NOTICE BLOND MASTER NY C. fall, alim, Good looking hung is falled to be a series of the series

ATTENTION all hunky smooth summer opportunity to berve and summit to opportunity to berve and summit to opportunity to berve and summit to the summer opportunity to be summer or opportunity to be summer or opportunity of the summer opportunity op

UNIFORMED CIGAR SMOKER NYC Hot stud in uniform or ful sather 37, 6° 175 his thick B cut Short blande hair beard Heavy cigar smoker, 1° npples lettloo into fantasy aceees with well-hung men interested in boots un forms, motorcycle copy. S. S. toilet, F. diddoes Wirle with phosos Box 984 offices.

WRESTLERS-LEVIS-S-M Mean tough wipotor rufihless shut w/m 5°2" wants to hear from sem type dudes all ages. Into no-holids barred flighting kicking punching and squeezing a guy's nuts, etc Exchange info, ideas, or meet. Bo TATTOED & PIERCED

3 6'3", 185 lbs., nterestd in open,
masculine w m, 30-50 not heavly
into boaze or drugs Box 452

SAM CLUB FORMING New York
City Area only All ages we come
write for free questionnaire and
information Occupant, 187 West

BALLS, 45, 5°C, w, 155 lbs., 10t, out-off-doors 1ye, loogsther and creative My sack hangs heavy WP induced the My sack hangs have been also sale, sack hangs have been also sale, sack hangs h

NEVEDA

JEFFA TANNA IN VEGAS

Im Dan's younger brother and

ppo ni you Bo revu

SLILM NOVICE

brother Write with picture and tele phone Box 1331 COLUMBUS, SM, 32,6, 180 lbs. 77 Arres Intelligent professional experienced Seeks local friend 25-35 I'm into bondage it and Cit Brosso have many trive and enuity

care them. Send letter will protein to 27.00 CLEVELAND BODYBUILDER HOT young while Matter 23, next) Cleves and, 8.165 ce. 8, acceptance, 8.165 ce. 8, acceptance and the send of the matter and the send of the matter and the send of the matter and the send of the send of

AKRON AREA, GWM, 55, 611 100 lbs, Trim mucular, hairy desiras resitionship with similar Macho type Enjoy sports, music Irave, active/Pass ve, French or Greek Affectionate à loving Frank Rose. 4272 Leewood Rd Stow Ohio 4224 or call 688-8164 6-10 pm, or weekends til 11 pm. He p right guy relocate Over 40 p asser

CINCINNATI, MS/SM, Pisces, 28, 6°, 165 lbs., white, 6°, novice Intelligent, seeks mutual satisfaction with reend/prother/rover 18-40 into light S&M, no fats, tems. Box A79

DRI AMEDICA

CLEVELAND, MS, 28, 6', 170 lbs. COLUMBUS, SM, V.rpp. 40, 5'9"

DAYTON S, 35, 5 11" 155 bs boy. Pay considered for the right ander 30 and oto the head Inp as

BOOT LOVER

HOT HORNY MASTER

COLUMBUS SM, 32 6 180 lbs C&B pain, have many dys and

COLUMBUS M wants to learn to be is discreet, white, out respects lim-S&M, Humi intion, camping/lish-ing 1'm white, 36, 5'11" 190 lbs cut CINCINNATI W/M, 33 160 lbs br

meet guys 18 s4 straight acting I woods movies, nudity action NO BAD SAM Mick, 11388 LeBanon

# **OKLAHOMA**

STILLWATER, 38. 5'8", 190 lbs uncut, ex-police looking for other

MOUTH JOCK A unique trip. Let your big soft cock and balls be strapped into my senballs into western weer military

OKLA, CITY, SM, white, 43, 170 \$ 10" good muscles, seeks willing hot men to 45 eager to exper ment All scenes considered with limits respected. Am eager to learn and creet. No fats Repty with photo to OKLA CITY SM, White 43, 170 lbs., respected. Am sager to learn and teach Prefer top but can be willing creet. No fats, reply with photo Box

OREGON

VERSATILE Top & Bottom man No S&M, drugs, smokers Enjoy

HOT COP Wanted by handsome unruly fugi-tive, 31, 150 lbs., 5'7". Dave Rox

Portland bottom seeks dominant 185 fbs., goodlooking Box 624 SALEM, 48, 6', 190 lbs. Seeks younger submissive slim Salem

PORTLAND PIG Hairy M, 22, 5"10", 170 lbs. wants aggressive top to help expand my

PORTLAND HARLEY OWNER leather, rubber wants to meet other tiand Box 1328

PENNSYLVANIA ANYONE WHO HAS WRITTEN TO BOX 802, and has not received an answer a ordered to re-submit to Master's Company, Box 1448, Scranton, PA 18510

MUSCULAR & MASCULINE'S

sion with Photo to Masters Com-pany, Box 1448, Soranton, PA

40s W/M 5'9", 165 lbs mascurns panded App y with espectful et-ter photo 8 phono number P.O. Box 11095, Phila PA 19141

PHILADELPHIA, S. Virgo/Scorplo 42. 5'7", 160 lbs. White. 7 and hairy experienced to underchainsbike and western. Leather

PHILADELPHIA. M, Cancer, 43, 62" 210 lbs white, 7" tearning

HARRISBURG, M 160 lbs. 28

PITTSBURGH, S. 44, w/m. 6 . 185 ting to give his body for my pleasure Box 83.

PHILADELPHIA, S. 27 8'5", 215

Imitate me into the ritual of your body-your cock balls, 1its, ass, feet 1 am 6 %, 160 lbs lean with

SCRANTON, M. Gemini, whit > 47

SUGGESTIONS, SIR?

28, 6' 170 lbs., Brn/Grn, 6" (nexp but eager to learn. Have fantssie:

ANSWERING AN AD? See instructions on the first page of this section

M, 25, white 5"10", 145 lbs, into ings/correspondence with aggres

TENNESSEE

and are comfortable with each me, with low hanging balls If 41 years 6 feet 155 tbs , 7 : " grey no Am planning a West Coast trip the summer of 1981 Box 61

TEXAS

Hard lean, long haired blonds 6.0 155 lbs 24 digs holi jo and body licking Digs cum shot all over willing to go into B&D and spank ings Prease write to Jon, 8370 Co lege No. 4 Beaumont, TK 77707

DALLAS COMPLETE MASTER 165 lbs. sensational fis leet for unusual ass play, seeks

slave role No fata fema, scat.









# TOUGH CUSTOMERS

NEW YORK AND BEYOND
Manhattan leathermaster will be
traveling through the USA his
summer with his slave and 6 ac
cepting applications from hot slaves
either in NYC or across the coun
try. LF No. 673.



BIG APPLE STUD Hot empire state stud wants to show off fine stuff, J.B., Box 261, Clayton, NY 13624.



Crustmers's Tough Customers are yet when the near expolits, resided and willing — but hard to please topis and bottoms. And there's nothing as up front as a Drummer man, right? That's why these studia are here to show you what they're got and to see if you're man enough to handle it Want to join them? Then let's asset if you're man enough to handle it Want to join them? Then let's asset if you're make places for Tough Customers, c'e Drammer, 15 Harrist is good enough, you'll see it here Photos cannot be resurred.



LA PLAYS TOUGH
Jeffery Gee, who can be found
hanging out at the One Way, shows
his stuff for interested tough studs.

GERMAN MYSTERY STUD Our mystery stud this issue is from Germany, and on the other side of that 10 inch tool is a wellused, wet, slick hole



TALK FIRST, THEN PLAY B&D, Light S&M, WS... any other ideas? Frank, in Philadelph a will trade phone number with interested mep



# DRUMMER'S HOT SPOTS





Free Pool 6 P.M. to closing \$1.00
All the draft you can drink
9 P.M. to Mixinght
SUNDAY
Open at 6 A.M.

12131 423 9772







1026 N. Highland Ave. NE Atlanta, GA 404/885-9122















## Would a **Transfusion Help?**

ASK BETH

per Seth if an erersion is raised by a sudden rush of blood to the pease couldn't a man who is impotent be cured by having a blood translusion. Just Wandering No. Imposence is not raised by the facil of blood in come from the mind. Sometimes a gention is imposent feel alone the feels afraid of set or is feefful that he van I perform adequater).

BORED AGAIN

Former rock star Little Richard is still taking his new act on the road, playing tent revivals across the counhe crusades against rock 'n' roll,

drugs, and homosexuality Little Richard now wears his hair

wears cream-colored three-piece suits. Gone are the bushy bouffant hair and the outrageous costumes of yester-

The former entertainer is now a preacher with the Seventh Day Adventists and sings several songs during

"All homosexuals are not bad people A gay fellow will do you a favor before anybody else will. born like that, 'cause I used to tell

Another example of Little Rich-

on San Francisco

This is the biggest unnatural area in the world, There's more unnatural affection up here than anywhere in the world. You don't know who you're talking to, if there are any gay people here tonight, don't you get mad with me, I am still your brother,

but . . . I am not here to compromise with Satan." The entertainer also expressed his happiness at the fact that Jesus had "died for me" in spite of his being a

At the end of the sermon Richard called upon members of the audience

lives to the man who had given up his life for them.

Then, after the offering and the benediction, Little Richard sold casbette tapes that tell the story of his inversion. The title is From Rock in Roll to the Rock of Ages. They

born-again Bob Dylan are sincere in their conversions or just, as in the past, giving the audience what it

Or perhaps, even more sadly, is can keep their fading careers alive?









THE HARD LESSON











FHAP 3

PARAGON 1

PARAGON 2

HARD MEN



BATHHOUSE BALLIN'













NOW CHARGE IT! LE SALON IS ACCEPTING MASTER CARD AND VISA FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE. LE SALON, 30 Sharidan St., Dept. D. San Francisco 94103 Rush me the following hot mechanegs: B Rivet 2

☐ Men of Western Lesson Man C Paragon 1 ☐ Performance ☐ Paragon 2

Strap 3 Hard Mire

☐ Tanlins
☐ Kip Knoll
☐ Golden Guys 2 Spike 2 Force 1 ☐ Interlude 2 Bathhouse Ballier
Hrs Brg Brothar ☐ Lance

PRICES: \$8.50 per mag, 3 for \$24, 6 for \$44.50, 12 for \$86.50. Add 75 per mag for postage & handling. Canadian residents add \$1 per mag for postage/handling Charge My: UVISA CARD GMASTER CARD

Card No. Interbank No. \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration Date \_

I am enclosing my check m o. for \$\_\_\_\_\_\_ (Sorry, no C.D.D.'s.) PLEASE PRINT Name \_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_ City/State/Zip ...

I am over 21 years of age \_\_\_\_\_

Offer road in Tenn. & Texas, Calif. residents add 5% sales tax [] I'm enclosing \$3 for the hot new '81 LE SALON brochum . .

Visiting San Francisco? Stop by the LE SALON store at 1118 Polk St. Vesting Amsterdam? Check out LE SALON's pater store at Korts Newwoodijk No. 22. Not the biggest, just the best.



Dear Mr. Larry Townsend

I wish, Sir, to continue a relationship as viable in the future as It has been over the past six months. Sir, as a white slave to take, to diminish my black Master's Respectfully.

A slave, Sam, from LA County

My first inclincation is to answer that your proper role as a slave is to accept mutually agreeable understanding with your Master If your relationship is going to be sustained. You, unlike his foreto be. Somehow, you will simply have to tell him this, whether you do it yourself and accept your just punishment for Master's, preferably another topman always bothers me. A gentleman in his self. You might look into your own ship is really the crux of the problem, or whether your Master might not simply be using this as an excuse to give you exactly what you'd get if you both

Dear Larry, As an avid collector of eratica, I have been a faithful fan of yours and of DRUMMER - and several other publishers for as long as any of you have been in business. What I cannot under

shared the same skin tone,

stand is why all of you seem to be pulling your punches, so to speak, in printing pictures of W/S, FF, and real SM oction. There used to be some of this material around inthough never from e ther you or DRUMMER, but now there isn't On the other hand, I see things that I consider much more "hard core." showing oral and anal intercourse, etc. Can you

Avid Fan.

Dear Avid Fan. The answer is basically somewhat complicated on the surface, but much simplier if you look a bit deeper All erotic material produced in the United States is created with one eye on the way to make it profitable is to offer it yia courts have never been able to define "obscenity" mortals can understand, it is almost imbetween "acceptable" and "prosecutable" lies. In a rather quiet and unofficial way. us. Although the law itself does not say ards of the American Psychiatric Assocideemed "normal" are generally not sex, but condemns such things as W/S. scat, FF, heavy SM, bestiality, and the use of minors as models. There is no guarantee that someone won't get a hardon for you and go after you for something less, but the odds seem to be in your favor if you operate within these limits. Most of us prefer to remain considerably further within the "safe zone." tinue to do our (and your) thing. We are now facing a new era, however, and things may become considerably tighter insofar as interpretations of our Amendment Rights are concerned, Be thankful for what you're able to get, and don't give us a hard time for trying to walk the narrow tightrope

Dear Larry. I have been a sexually active man for all of my adult life, although I am not heavily Into S&M. What I really enjoy are the baths and (when I get to a large city) the "sex clubs" which have sprung up over the last few years. Recently, I have been refused admission to a couple of these places because of my age, I don't think this is right. What do you think? Do we have any remedy, either legal or by getting some one of our gay organiza-tions to make an issue of it?

Over Fifty, But Not Over the Hill

Dear Not Over. Like every coin, this one has two sides I tend to agree with you, not only in this specific situation, but in the general attitude of younger gays toward their seniors. Our community should begin to make some better provisions for its older members, although I do not know exactly how we might best go about doing it. On the other hand, the people

the business to make money. I suppose that most of them have found that the to being forced to fend off the overly forgetting, of course, that they will (God willing) someday be in a similar I don't think anyone does. Certainly, an "over 50" or "over 40" bathhouse isn't going to make it. Still, most cities of any size have places where age is not a harrier to admission. While these estabthey are certainly better than nothing. with a better answer, best to take what you can get. Remember, in the years

who operate the clubs and baths are in

Dear Larry.

As a man who is very turned on by leather, I have recently acquired a full When I wear it for any length of time, however, I get a terrible rosh, I live in a doctor, and I'm wondering if a person can be allergic to leather. Shit, that's

past, you have undoubtedly had your share of the prime meat that is now

As one who has also suffered from skin allergies (although, thank God, not to leather), I can tell you that a specific individual can be allergic to almost anything - even if he seems to be the only person in the world who ever reacted adversely to that particular stimulus. In your case, It might not be leather, per se, but to just the particular material of your outfit. The chemicals used in curprit. The only way you are going to find know why you should be so fearful of

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# DRUMMER views the Flicks



#### THE EROTIC TRILOGY

With the release in America of Arabian Nights, most of the civilized world has seen Pier Paolo Pasolinl's much debated erotic trilogy, which began with The Decameron and The Canterbury Tales However, these films are still banned in Italy, the filmmaker's native land, as is his controversial masterpiece, Salo

Even in America, the great film feast of the world, it has taken a decade for this trio of notable films by one of the world's most important filmmakers to play the silver screen. The Decameron, made in 1971, had only a few years wait while the US standards for explicit film fare caught up with the rest of the world. This first film in the eventual trilogy was a fairly successful campus circuit player. Dovetailed with Fellini's Satyricon, these films of ancient amour and adventure would set the stage for a whole genre of films that ended with Caailua - where the artistic vision had become completely replaced with the appeal for clinical close-ups of throbbing sex organs

Pasolini appeared in The Decameron as Gitto, the painter - and again appeared in The Conterbury Tales as Chaucer, the author, establishing a visual reference to the creative process. Like the characters he portrayed, Pasolini was telling us that art is a reflection of the artist; including his prejudice and whim. While he does not appear in Arabian Nights, he does provide another singular cinema reference, between the texture of Ambion Nights and his earlier. very highly-praised The Gospel According

Pasolini has used untrained actors for rather turned the untrained into actors) in a great number of his films. He claims the device comes straight from his Marxist sentiments. In an interview with Georges Moraux, Pasolini once tried to explain his method of casting, "Profesclass and I cast them according (that is when I cannot find non-professionals of the middle class to fill the part! Nonprofessionals are proletarians and I therefore cast them in the proletarian parts. His harsher critics has cried that Pasoline uses the working class youths of Italy for as actors, and in the more explicitly sexual films, sexually exploited Regardless, Pasolini has had the most sucing with non-professionals, A quality that critics constantly find in his films is innocence,' and it is the salvation for many film critics when dealing with their own bias over the sexuality Pasolini often

The Decameron was, for all practical purposes, a tame film, Nudity was far less rampant than in later works and sex was under sheets or slightly out of view, with The Conterbury Toles, Pasolini came somewhat closer to that legendary

meetum of intergrating explicit executive, with professional fillimaskup, Vet, for that advance, Canterbury Fales is the most uneven, perhaps most uneven perhaps most uneven persons are half-filled out in persons are the pers

The Canterbury Tales is a well-lower piece of Interny sixtory, taught in school, revered by Engish scholars. And like other precous works: translating them potential. If the property of the

The Contentury Toles is filled with a gagle of young men who, one must as sume, were picked for their plainness. The landscapes are dusty, often billowing with dirt and grime Alleged 'aristocrats' float through this landscape with skirt raised, and feet covered with earth. Far from the 'list' or 'bawd' et exture of Torn Jones, Joseph Andres, and Forn, Hill Contentury Toles tools, life real.

The film is, however, very uneven and perhaps unrewarding for the enthusiass of the original tales. Like a number of Pasolini's films, it has an almost handheld camera approach, not quite amateur sh and not quite cinema verite

But the biggest accolades were saved for Arabian Nights, the final film in the trillogy (completed in 1974). Here Paso lini went to a broader approach (filming in a number of middle castern countries) and a tighter narrative line. The stories are woven together and we see each tale's resolution by the time the film

Of all three films, Arabbia Nights is the most reavering. Pasoline gives the time and place the same look of auther tiply he did with The Gospet earlier in his career. A number of Italian acros are evident from two previous films but here allowed for grown) into at least a semi-professional stance, but again Paso semi-professional stance, but again pason semi-professional stance and professional stance and pr

necosities

A number of elements in Arabam Arabam Anabam Anabam worked better with a larger budget. Mail scores are almost larger budget. Mail scores are almost beginning of the film medium encycle popula. American audiences, teethed on the visuals of Ster Werr, would find profit the most part European cliences for the most part European clience. Use productions — in fact, most burpara directors work within very small DNL-WMER 78.



production budgets, and the break-even point for a film requires a lot less than the American counterpart

Pasolini is at his most sexually explicit in Arabhan Nights. What the viewer is treated is only fractions away from hard core. Although his last film, Solo, would explore sexuality in its deepest sense, it will remain for Arabhan Nights to be the film that went the most.

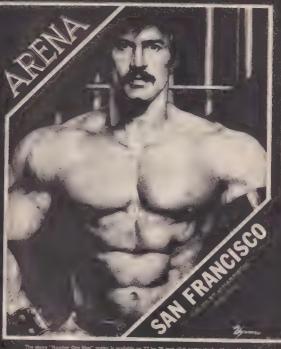
Paolim is a director that must be considered in the context of his time and convinnent. He has done much to break properties to be considered in the convinnent of the has done much to break properties the context of the convincent of the convince

non actors and set them in a documentary landscape, and infused his retelling of the birth of Christ with his own Marxism in such a way that condemning the film condemned christianity. With Salo he went even further. Here

Pasolini created the most original political metathon ever witnessed in the cinema. The sexual equations of fascism are unequalled, as is the absolute visual power of Soilo's imagers, Safo is an easy film to distilke, and an easy film to dismiss. But it may well be the finest intelactual political film and the definitive political message

Pasolimis' erotic trilogy suffered too much repression. What he created with these three films is a personal artistic vision composed of lines and memories and images that related directly to the meet in quiet ways; as reflections of iderary history they are subject to the whim of the filliminater and there is nothing so rewarding as seeing a recreation of the familiar, as looking at life in

· John W. Rowberry



The shorn "Number Cos Mes" poster is mailable on 23 by 28 inch stick poster stock with or without a will be a single poster in mailable on the single disconnice present and the single posterior in present and the single posterior of the single po

# BARBEATS



"Australia: Where the man are man and the sheep are nervous," or so goes a popular adage from Down Under, These leathermen in a Sydney leather has look pretry made. Photo by Ian Property



No, this sen't New York or Chicago or Los Angeles or even San Francisco but a popular leethe, but in Australia. All the major cities in Australia en located on the coastime, because the enterou of the country is mainly stat waterland. Photo by Peter Langford.

#### MR. INTERNATIONAL LEATHER

The 1981 Mr. International Leather Contest, an annual event hosted by The Gold Coast in Chicago, may be a disputed tile this year, depending on your nathrat gave us Patrick Brookes, Australia, shosting its own contest this year under the same name. The Australian contest the same name. The Australian contest international Leather, The Gold Coast feels otherwise, naturally, having originated the contest in the first place of the coast gold of the coast of the coast of the contest of the coast of

Patrick Brookes, who won the coveted title in 1980 in Chicago, is the first non-American to do so. The Australian ver son will be held in March of 1981 and is being advertised with posters of Patrick Brookes with Sydney's famous Opera House in the background. The Chicago based Mr. International Leather Contest is usually held in May of each vear.



The poster being used to advertise the Aug trailien version of the Mr. International Leathe Contest features Patrick Brookes.

#### DRUMMASTER GRAND OPENING

Drummer's open to-the-public bar in San Francisco, Drummater, finally got a name after an extensive contest where thousands of potential names were suggested. Drummaster won out, and the winders got a complete leather outfit winder got a complete leather outfit opening saw a wall-to-wall crowd. At one point, there was even an impromptu Kiss The Bartender contest (at right). The bartender except told in who won, Photo bartender never told in who won, Photo



#### D.C. EAGLE CONTEST

The popular leather disco in the nation's capital, all settled in to their new, expanded location, held the 1980 Mr. D.C. Eagle Contest with some very hot results. Winners were (left to right). Tim Creekmore – Mr. D.C. Eagle; Mike Wal kowskit – Second runner-up; Jim Rimeer – Third runner-up





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The Kake Club, named after the famous S&M hero created.

by Tom of Finland, is located about three minutes from the cruipy Radhusplads (Town Hall Square), Squeezed rogether at the square's toilet entrance are Denmark's young hustlers Thin denim jaskets, high-fashion jean; these fourteen to eight year-olds may delight a lonely chicken hawk, but if you want men – just walk on by

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ibs. 40, blue eyes, uncut, wishes to meet dominant S, 25-55, who is ver sable respectful of limits, sense of humour. M has moderate experience vicastile, and nito leather loys, boots greeck a/p, WS, bondags, diccipine Harvis some experience as S. No fats, fems, drugs.

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However, there are some cublications that have such a loval following that its readers will promptly go to their bookstore and demanded the new sister, raising hell if it isn't available. We know because we get calls from newtrainly and bookstore all over the country, We also get long wanting to know where else they can pick up the new DRLMMER. Now THAT is (sovial).

DRUMMER has never pretended to be anything it isn't nor has it ever been merely a copy of something else it is unique, and so is its readership.

No matter what anyone else is selling them for, most of the back sues of DRUMMER are still available from us at their original cover price, Issues 1, 2, 4, 5, and 20 are sold out. Up to issue 20 the price is \$2,50, through issue 29 the price is \$3, later than that it is \$3.50. Add 50c for postage for each magazine. Hurry, some of the copies, are



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#### DRUMMER'S BOOKS

#### COLORED NEEDLES

It was an age when men honored the noble virtue of filvolity, when life was not such a harsh struggle as it is today. It was a leisurely age, an age when prafessional wits could make an excellent livelification by keeping rich and wellborn and geliemen in a cloudless.

good humor and seeing to it that the laughter of court lodies and yeishe was never stilled. In the illustrated romantic novels of the day, in the Kabuhr theatre, everywhere beauty and strength were one. People did all they could to beautify themselves, some even having pigments injected into their preclious skins. Goudy potterns

of line and color danced over mens bodies.

— Junichiro Tanizaki

Donald Richle and lan Brumm open their exploration of The Japanese Totico (John Weatherhill Inc.) 1980; 116 pages of the Japanese Totico (John Weatherhill Inc.) 1980; 116 pages about 1980; 116 pages

At some point the tattoo became an extraordinary enhancement of mascullinity and beauty, a combination of strength and grace typical of legendary Japan And because the country is one rich in artistic tradition, the tattoo became considered a work of art – Javish and meticulous attention was given the lines and colors applied to the human lines and colors applied to the human transport of the property of the colors applied to the human transport of the property of the proper

manusus were often tationed, as were the "Wellborn woung gentlemen" Tatizaks refers too, in later years, more towards the refers too, in later years, more towards the full-body tations. But other classes of full-body tations to the classes of the classes and it would not have been uncommon to see tationes that identified certain craftmen or laborers. Tationoling became part of Japan's social will to recalling of its feedab history.

Like the flower-arranger, or the potter, or the water-colorist, the tattoo artist used certain tools in a traditionally prescribed manner. Simplicity and refinement of impliments, the discipline of application are all part and pancel of the



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Japanese tradition of obedience to tra-

The tattoord evolved, however, into completely masculine art form Japanose women with Lattoos, are rare. And the work of the control of the c

the lattoo is addocredis.on: a critical in the content of the cont

The Japanese tattoo owes much to the tradition of Japanese woodblocks and watercolors. The subject matter of the tattoo can be varied, and usually combines elements that have significance to the wearer; Dragons, fish, certain gods and goddesees, certain flowers and plants appear in many tattooes. And each tattoo executed by a 'master tattoo artists' or executed by a 'master tattoo artists'.

Without question, Japanese tattooes are the most beautifully realized of any in the world. And early traders to Japan from Europe often came home with a bit of the floating kingdom's artwork on an





Donald Richie's text is the best availdoe in the history and meaning of the lapanese tattoo, both as cultural tradition and as art. Ian Buruma's photography is breathtaking and beautruli, triviled only by the colors, and designs of the men he has photographed Without a doubt.

The Japanese Tattoo is the finest treat ment of the subject available. And if you want to see the best examples of what can be done to adorn the human figure, then this volume is definitely worth investigating.

naries K. Musgrave

# JOE GAGE'S

What happens when hot guys get together via the telephone, with one hand on the instrument and the other hand on the instrument? Handsome, the new film by loe Gage, is a handful of hot, wet, real life incidents that revolve around a horney stud and the guys on the other and of the line. The structure is a sufficient as the men specified as a sufficient as the men specified. are as different as the men involved, from the college jocks who turn on in the shower to the long distance truck drivers who pull over to relieve their full ball-sacs. And the action is non-stop, hot enough to burn up the phone lines all Handsome does. Get ready for one handed, long distance heavy, dirty, low-down breathing — and more than a count hands fill.





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In still another (comic book) parody called "Crash Hardon," artist Lee Carvel redoes some of Alex Reymonds drawings, undressing the characters at the same time. We even get to see Flash's pee-pee.







### WE'RE SO HAPPY WITH THE NEW ALTERNATE/MANIFEST THAT WE'RE INPROVING IT!





The new tablord format of the ALTERNATE is a nuraway success, we mention modestly. Its readers, both old and new, admire the quality of its writing, art and photography and the fresh, excit ing slant it gives you for a buck ninety-five. The newsprint format enables us to put more money into the more important parts of its contents other than coated paper.

So we are changing its slick four color cover to a non-slick four color cover which enables it to be printed in one run on one press and cuts down its bindery problems and costs consultations.

That means we can keep rising costs down, can eliminate distribution problems with distributions and newstands that can't decide whether it is a newspaper and should be displayed with the Advocate, or a slick magazine and

Actually, it is a newsmagazine and must be competitive in that area.

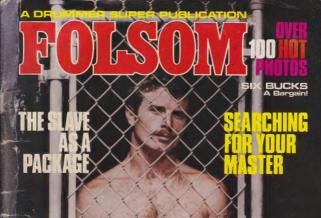
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IN PASSING



A Sister of Perpetual Indulgence, obviously not to be toyed with, elicits a confession of impure thoughts from a tourist in San Francisco. Photo by Rink.





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